"SING WE MERRILY UNTO GOD OUR STRENGTH."

RESCUE Songs

WORDS AND MUSIC

With Standard Selections.

BY

COL. H. H. HADLEY.

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RESCUE SONGS.

1. The Volunteer's Song.

R. K. C. R. KELSO CARTER.

1. A cry comes up from the dark-ness, A wail of ag - o - ny rolls
2. Oh, who can tell this sal - va - tion? The judgment thun - der rolls;
3. Oh. who will go to the res - cue? The world mere pit-tan-ces doles;
4. From east to west we will tell it, To all men between the poles;

Thro' the night of sin, in this world of ours, 'Tis the cry of perishing souls.
Who will bear the news of redemption down To the helpless perishing souls.
'Tis the Christian saved by redeeming love Who must help the perishing souls.
We can tell it best, we who feel it most, For we were per - ishing souls.

CHORUS.

Are you saved? ful-ly saved? Has Jesus wash'd your sins away, away?
are you saved? ful-ly saved?

Then work, brother, work; the night is coming on; Oh, work, work for souls to-day.

Copyright by R. K. CARTER, 1890.

2. Come, Sinner, Come.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden."—MATT. 11: 28.

W. E. WITTER. H. R. PALMER, by per.

1. While Je-sus whis-pers to you, Come, sin-ner, come! While we are
2. Are you too heav-y lad-en? Come, sin-ner, come! Je-sus will
3. Oh, hear His ten-der plead-ing, Come, sin-ner, come! Come and re-

pray-ing for you, Come, sin-ner, come! Now is the time to own Him,
bear your bur-den, Come, sin-ner, come! Je-sus will not de-ceive you,
ceive the bless-ing, Come, sin-ner, come! While Je-sus whispers to you,

Come, sin-ner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sin-ner, come!
Come, sin-ner, come! Je-sus can now redeem you, Come, sin-ner, come!
Come, sin-ner, come! While we are praying for you, Come, sin-ner, come!

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3. Burst, Ye Emerald Gates.

1 Burst, ye emerald gates, and bring
To my raptured vision
All th' ecstatic joys that spring
Round the bright elysian.
Lo! we lift our longing eyes,
Break, ye intervening skies,
Sons of righteousness, arise,
Ope' the gates of Paradise.

2 Hark! the thrilling symphonies,
Seem methinks to seize us,
Join we in the holy lays,
Jesus came to save us!
Sweetest sound in seraph's song,
Sweetest note on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Let its echoes flow along.

4. A Shout in the Camp.

Dedicated to Arthur L. Robinson.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. B. SWENEY.

1. There's a shout in the camp, for the Lord is here, Hal-le-lu-jah! praise His name; To the feast of His love we again draw near, Praise, oh, praise His name.
2. There's a shout in the camp like the shout of old, Hal-le-lu-jah! praise His name; For the cloud of His glo - ry we now be-hold, Praise, oh, praise His name.
3. There's a shout in the ranks of the King of kings, Hal-le-lu-jah! praise His name; While we drink at the Rock from the living springs, Praise, oh, praise His name.
4. There's a shout in the camp while our souls re-peat Hal-le-lu-jah! praise His name; There is room for the world at the Saviour's feet, Praise, oh, praise His name.

CHORUS.

praise His name. Room for the millions! room for all! Hal-le-lu-jah! praise His name; Come to the banquet, great and small, Praise, oh, praise His name.

From "Precious Hymns," by permission of JOHN. J. HOOD.

5. I Believe Jesus Saves.

NEWTON. In Memory of my Father. J. P. WEBSTER.

1. How tedious and tasteless the hour When Je - sus no lon-ger I see!
The midsummer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay;

Sweet prospect, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs Have all lost their sweetness to me:—
But when I am hap-py in Him, De - cem-ber's as pleasant as May.

I be-lieve Je - sus saves, And His blood washes whiter than snow;

I be-lieve Je - sus saves, And His blood washes whiter than snow.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music His voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice.
I should, were He always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding His face,
My all to His pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind:
While blest with a sense of His love,
A palace a toy would appear:
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 My Lord! if indeed I am Thine,
If Thou art my Son, and my Song,
Say,—why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long?
O! drive those dark clouds from my sky;
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me to Thee upon high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

6. My Brethren, I Have Found.

In Memory of John B. LaRue.

Fine.

1. { My brethren, I have found A land which doth abound With food as sweet as manna
The more I eat I find The more I am inclined To sing and shout hosanna. }

D.C.—And as we march along, We'll sing the Christian's song, We hope to live forever.

REFRAIN. *D.C.*

My soul doth long to go, Where it shall fully know, The beauties of my Saviour.

2 What must the fountain be
From which grace flows so free,
It yields both peace and pleasure;
There's no terrestrial bliss
Could ever equal this,
A foretaste of my Saviour.

3 Now, brethren, can you say,
That you are on your way—
Are on your way to glory?
I care not for your name;
Religion is the same;
Come tell the pleasing story.

7. Let Jesus Walk the Waves to Thee.

Rev. F. Bottome, D. D. John Stevenson.

1. The home is sad that once was gay With laughter's mer-ry ring; And mid-night gloom o'er o - pen day Has spread her sa - ble wing. The curse has press'd her i - ron heel On in - no-cence and truth; And ev - ery hope that sense can feel Is crushed in bud - ding youth.
2. The asp has palsied manhood's strength, The senseless arm lies still; And yield - ing will is left at length With-out the power to will. The bit - ter wail-ing marks the hour, While death is at the door.
3. Yet may we not in mute despair, Hang down our head and sigh; Tho' lowering clouds hang everywhere, There's brightness in the sky: There's life to raise the dead a - gain, For Je - sus lives to save.
4. O, man, dash down the fa - tal bowl, And look for help to heaven; There's mer - cy for the sin-sick soul, And strength to weakness giv'n:— His power to break the captive's chain, There's freedom for the slave; There's blight is on the ten-der flow'r, The worm is at the core; And voice that calms the roar-ing sea, And bids the tem-pest cease; O let Him walk the waves to thee, And bid thee be at peace.

ritard.

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Where the Living Waters Flow.

CAPT. R. KELSO CARTER. *Used by permission.* E. E. NICKERSON.

1. Rest to the wea - ry soul And ach - ing breast is given,
2. For thee, my soul, for thee These price-less joys were bought,
3. Come, with the ransomed train, The Saviour's prais - es sing,
4. And soon, be - fore His face, We'll praise in light a - bove,

Down where the liv - ing wa-ters flow; Grace makes the wounded whole,
Down where the liv - ing wa-ters flow; Thine is the mer - cy free,
Down where the liv - ing wa-ters flow; Re - joice! the Lamb was slain,
Down where the liv - ing wa-ters flow; Tri - umphant through His grace,

Love fills our heart with heaven, Down where the liv - ing wa-ters flow.
That Christ to earth has brought, Down where the liv - ing wa-ters flow.
A - dore! He reigns a King, Down where the liv - ing wa-ters flow.
Made per-fect by His love, Down where the liv - ing wa-ters flow.

CHORUS.

Down where the living waters flow, Down where the tree of life doth grow, I'm

liv-ing in the light, for Jesus now I fight, Down where the living waters flow.

Per. C. E. Avis. Copyright, 1885. by E. E. NICKERSON.

9. Move Forward.

"The Lord is my light and my salvation."—Ps. 27 : 1.

G. W. Crofts. D. B. Towner, by per.

1. Move forward! valiant men and strong, Ye who have pray'd and labored long,
2. Move forward! each and ev - ery one, The gold-en har-vest is be-gun,
3. Move forward! reaping as you move! An-gels are watching from a-bove!
4. Move forward! day will die full soon, How quickly evening fol-lows noon,

The time has come for you to rise, For lo! the sun rolls up the skies.
Ye reap - ers, come from glen and glade And wield the sickle's glitt'ring blade.
A-round are wit-ness - es a host, A - rouse ye now and save the lost.
Now is the time to work and pray—Let glo - ry crown the dy - ing day.

CHORUS.

Move for - ward, move for - ward, All a - long the line,.....
Move forward, move forward, All a - long the line, move forward,

Move for - ward, move for - ward, The light be - gins to shine.
Move forward, Move forward,

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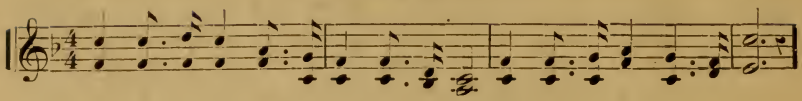
10. Redeemed, Praise the Lord!

ABBIE MILLS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

By permission of JOHN J. HOOD.



1 O happy day! what a Saviour is mine!
I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
All to His pleasure I gladly resign,
I am redeemed, praise the Lord!

Key of C last four lines of each verse.

Jesus has taken my burden away;
Jesus has turned all my night into day,
Jesus has come to my heart—come to stay,
I am redeemed, praise the Lord!—CHO.

Use first four lines as Chorus.

2 Thanks be to God for the great vict'ry given,
I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
Now I am free; every chain has been riven,—
I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
Out of the pit and the mire and the clay,
Jesus has borne me in triumph away;
Safe on the rock I am standing to-day—
I am redeemed, praise the Lord!—CHO.

3 O, clap your hands, all ye people of God,
I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
Let ev'ry tongue speak His mercy abroad,
I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
His loving kindness is better than gold;
He doth bestow more than my cup can hold;
Wondrous salvation, that ne'er can be told,
I am redeemed, praise the Lord!—CHO.

4 Glory to God, I would shout evermore,
I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
O for a voice that could reach every shore,
I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
Help me, ye ransomed, awake every string,
Let earth rejoice and the whole heavens ring,
While we the chorus unitedly sing,
I am redeemed, praise the Lord!—CHO.

Words and Music in "Precious Hymns." JOHN. J. HOOD, Pub., Phil.

The Lily of the Valley.

Arr. by JOSHUA GILL.

1. I've found a friend in Je-sus, he's everything to me, He's the fairest of ten
2. He all my griefs has tak-en, and all my sorrows borne; In temp-ta-tion he's my
3. He'll nev-er, nev-er leave me, nor yet forsake me here, While I live by faith and

thou-sand to my soul; The Li-ly of the Valley in him a-lone I see, All I
strong and mighty tow'r; I've all for him forsaken, I've all my i-dols torn From my
do his bless-ed will; A wall of fire about me, I've nothing now to fear: With his

need to cleanse and make me fully whole. In sorrow he's my comfort, in trouble he's my
heart, and now he keeps me by his pow'r. Tho' all the world forsake me, and Satan tempt [me
man-na he my hun-gry soul shall fill; Then sweeping up to glory we see his blessed

Chorus.—In sorrow he's my comfort, in trovble he's my

stay, He tells me ev-'ry care on him to roll. He's the Li-ly of the
sore, Thro' Je-sus I shall safe-ly reach the goal. He's the Li-ly of the
face, Where riv-ers of de-light shall ev-er roll. He's the Li-ly of the

Hallelujah!

stay, He's tells me ev-'ry care on him to roll. He's the Li-ly of the

D.S.

Valley, the bright and morning Star, He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

Valley, the bright and morning Star, He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

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12. Weep For The Fallen.

"Every eight minutes a drunkard dies in America."

1. Weep for the fall - en! hang your heads in sor-row, And mourn-ful-ly
2. Voic - es of wail-ing tell of hope-less anguish, While sor-row-ing

sing the requiem sad and slow. Thousands have perished by the fell de-
mothers bid us on-ward go. Hark! to their ac-cents, theirs the brok-en-

stroy - er; Oh weep for youth and beau - ty, Oh weep for youth and
heart - ed, Who weep for youth and beau - ty, Who weep for youth and

beau - ty, Oh weep for youth and beau-ty in the grave laid low!
beau - ty, Who weep for youth and beau-ty in the grave laid low!

3 Hear how they bid us sound the timely warning,
While yet there is hope to shun the cup of woe;
For is it nothing, ye who see no danger,
To weep for youth and beauty in the grave laid low?

4 Weep for the fallen; but amid your sorrow,
Still point to the cross that freedom can bestow;
Rescue, dear Saviour, from the fell destroyer,
For why should youth and beauty in the grave lie low?

13. Royal Way of the Cross.

By per. of PHILIP PHILLIPS. REV. L. HARTSOUGH.

Fine.

1. { We may spread our couch with ro-ses, And sleep thro' the sum-mer day; }
{ But the soul that in sloth re - pos - es, Is not in the nar - row way. }

D. C. For the roy - al way to heav-en Is the roy - al way of the cross.

D. C.

If we fol-low the chart that is giv - en, We need not be at a loss,

2 To one who is rear'd in splendor,
The cross is a heavy load,
And the feet that are soft and tender,
Will shrink from the thorny road:
But the chains of the soul must be riven,
And wealth must be as dross;
For the royal way to heaven
Is the royal way of the cross.

3 We say we will walk to-morrow
The path we refuse to-day,
And still with our lukewarm sorrow
We shrink from the narrow way.
What heeded the chosen eleven,
How the fortunes of life might toss,
As they followed their Master to heaven
By the royal way of the cross?

14. The Gracious Call.

TUNE,—HORTON. WARTENSEE.

1. Come, said Je - sus' sa - cred voice, Come, and make my path your choice;
2. Ye who, toss'd on beds of pain, Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
3. Hith - er come, for here is found Balm that flows for ev - 'ry wound,

I will guide you to your home; Wea - ry pil - grim, hith-er come.
Ye, by fiercer an-guish torn, In re-morse for guilt who mourn;
Peace that ev-er shall en - dure, Rest e - ter - nal, sa-cred, sure.

15.

Redemption.

R. K. C. R. Kelso Carter.

1. Tho' swelling storms pre-vail, And mighty doubts as-sail, While
2. He bore my sin and pain; In Him, I may ob-tain The
3. When ev-ery hope shall fade, And in the dust be laid Each
4. When Je-sus died for me, He purchased vic-to-ry O'er

hells' dark legions sweep around my way; In spite of ev-ery fear I'll
blessings that the pure in heart en-joy; The cleansing in the blood, The
plan and purpose that I hold so dear: An-oth-er rest I find, A
ev-ery foe in all the deadly strife. Forth from the bursting grave The

read my ti-tle clear, And conquer tho' I die in bloody fray.
dai-ly walk with God, The perfect peace, and rest, without al-loy.
calm and peaceful mind, And perfect love, that cast-eth out all fear.
Mighty comes to save, He comes to bring me ev-er-last-ing life.

CHORUS.

I'll conquer the foe, For sure-ly I know That Je-sus is

a-ble to save. Hal-le-lu-jah! I'll shout with ransom'd breath, Where

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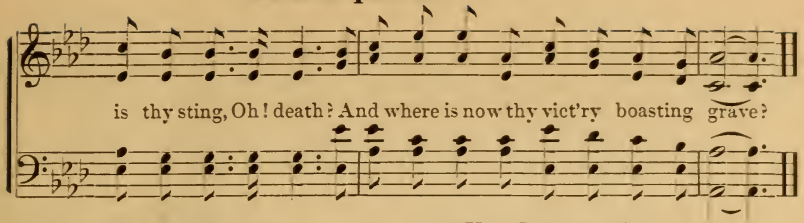
Redemption. Concluded.



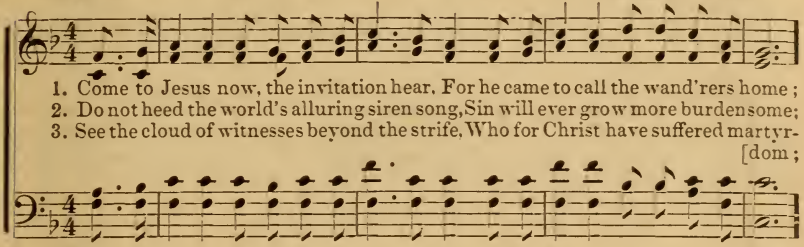
5 He comes in lovely dress
Of perfect righteousness,
To clothe me in the garments of the King;
That, free from sin and death,
I may, with ransomed breath,
Hosannah in the highest, shout and sing.

6 Then, though the day be long,
I'll sing the battle-song,
That Jesus is a Victor in the fight.
In Him, I love to tell,
I conquer death and hell;
I live by faith, and walk no more by sight.

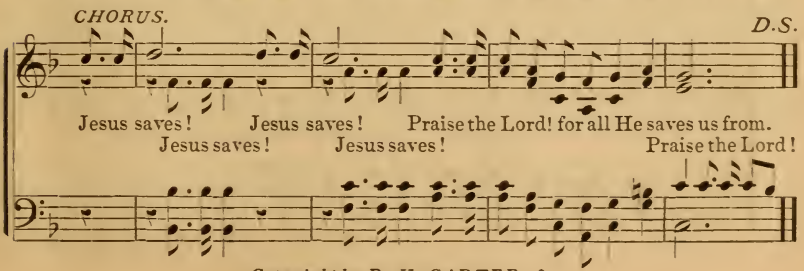
7 Oh! let the heavens ring,
And every creature sing,
Salvation now, and Righteousness is He;
On earth and heaven's shore
I'll praise Him evermore;
He's Wisdom and Redemption now to me.

16. Whosoever Will May Come.

R. K. C. R. Kelso Carter.



Cho.—Free to all the gracious in - vi - ta - tion stand's For whosoever will may come.



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17. Valley of Blessing.

MRS. ANNIE WITTENMEYER. W. G. FISCHER.

1. I have en-tered the val-ley of bless-ing so sweet, And Je-sus a-
2. There is peace in the val-ley of bless-ing so sweet, And plen-ty the
3. There is love in the val-ley of bless-ing so sweet, Such as none but the
4. There's a song in the val-ley of bless-ing so sweet, That an-gels would

bides with me there, And His Spir-it and blood make my cleansing complete,
land doth im-part; And there's rest for the wea-ry-worn trav-el-er's feet,
blood-wash'd may feel; When heaven comes down redeemed spir-its to greet,
fain join the strain, As with rapt-ur-ous prais-es, we bow at His feet,

CHORUS.

And His per-fect love cast-eth out fear. Oh come to this
And joy for the sor-row-ing heart.
And Christ sets His cov-e-nant seal.
Cry-ing, "Wor-thy the Lamb that was slain!"

val-ley of bless-ing so sweet, Where Je-sus will full-ness be-stow,

And be-lieve, and receive, and confess Him, That all His sal-va-tion may know.

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18. Oh, how sweet at Jesus' feet.

As Sung by R. S. Robson. *Used by permission.* G. K. A.

1. There's a rest - ing place I know, Where life's heal-ing wa - ters flow,
2. This the song I sing each day, "He has wash'd my sin a - way,"
3. Should the tempt-er try his pow'r, He has grace for ev - 'ry hour;
4. When my work on earth is done, And the crown of life is won,

Through a rich and good - ly land, 'Neath the shadow of his hand.
And he keeps me whol - ly clean, While his Spir-it dwells with-in.
Well sup-plied are all my needs, He my foot-steps gent - ly leads.
Then a - mid the blood-wash'd throng Glad I'll sing Redemption's song.

CHORUS.

O how sweet, O how sweet, Rest - ing at my Saviour's feet,

In a rich and good - ly land, 'Neath the shadow of his hand.

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19. Naaman the Leper.

Words Arr. *2d Kings, 5th chapter.* E. E. NICKERSON.

1. It was Naaman, the lep - er, that honorable man, The captain of Syr - i - a's host, He was bad-ly af-flict-ed and sick in his land, A bur-den to all on the coast. O my, what a sight, his disease make him white, No doctor could help him be clean. For they never did pray, and they knew not the way To get in that beau - ti - ful stream.
2. But he heard of a man, in the poor Hebrew's land, A lit - tle maid told him a- bout, I will go if I can, this he said to his friend, For he can relieve me no doubt. He went and he called on the prophet of God, E - li - sha refused to be seen. He lift - ed his bur - den, and sent him to Jor-dan, To wash in the beau-ti -ful stream.
3. And so Naaman went on, when the servant had gone, E-li-sha had sent to the door, For he could not believe that he had re-ceiv-ed So cheap and so perfect a cure. He tho't that the rivers, down in his own land Were better, because they were clean. It was just about night, when he walk'd in the light, And plung'd in that beautiful stream.
4. And now, sinner, poor sinner, why you are the same As Naaman, the no-ted Syr- ian, Your sickness doth injure both body and soul It makes you feel lonesome and mean. If you know you're lost, why not take up your cross, And Jesus will wash you so clean.
5. Now, poor sinner, you're wretched, you cannot escape The judgment of God yet to come; Oh, just come along, sinner, don't leave it too late, No more in the wilderness roam. I once was like you, till cre-a-ted a-new, I now on His prom-i-ses lean. When I for-sook sinning, I then began praying, And washed in the beautiful stream.

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Naaman the Leper. Concluded.

REFRAIN.

Oh, go wash in that beautiful stream, Go wash in that beautiful stream, Oh,

Second Refrian for fifth verse only.

Oh, go wash in that beautiful stream, Go wash in that beautiful stream, For like

Naa-man, O, Naa-man, Go down and wash, Go wash in that beautiful stream.

Naaman, unclean, you're leprous with sin, Go wosh in that beautiful stream.

20. Keep Me From Sinking Down.

E. E. N. *For Male Voices. Jeremiah* 31 : 10. E. E. NICKERSON.

1. Oh, good Lord, come this way, Keep me from sink - ing down;
2. I heard the oth - er day, Keep me from sink - ing down;
3. Oh, good Lord, hear me pray, Keep me from sink - ing down;
4. Oh, help me watch and pray, Keep me from sink - ing down;
5. Like Pe - ter on the sea, Keep me from sink - ing down;

Oh, help me watch and pray, Keep me from sink - ing down.
That you hear sin - ners pray, Keep me from sink - ing down.
Take all my sin a - way, Keep me from sink - ing down.
I'll walk in the high - way, Keep me from sink - ing down.
Thy grace is full and free, Keep me from sink - ing down.

Keep me, keep me, Keep me from sink - ing down.

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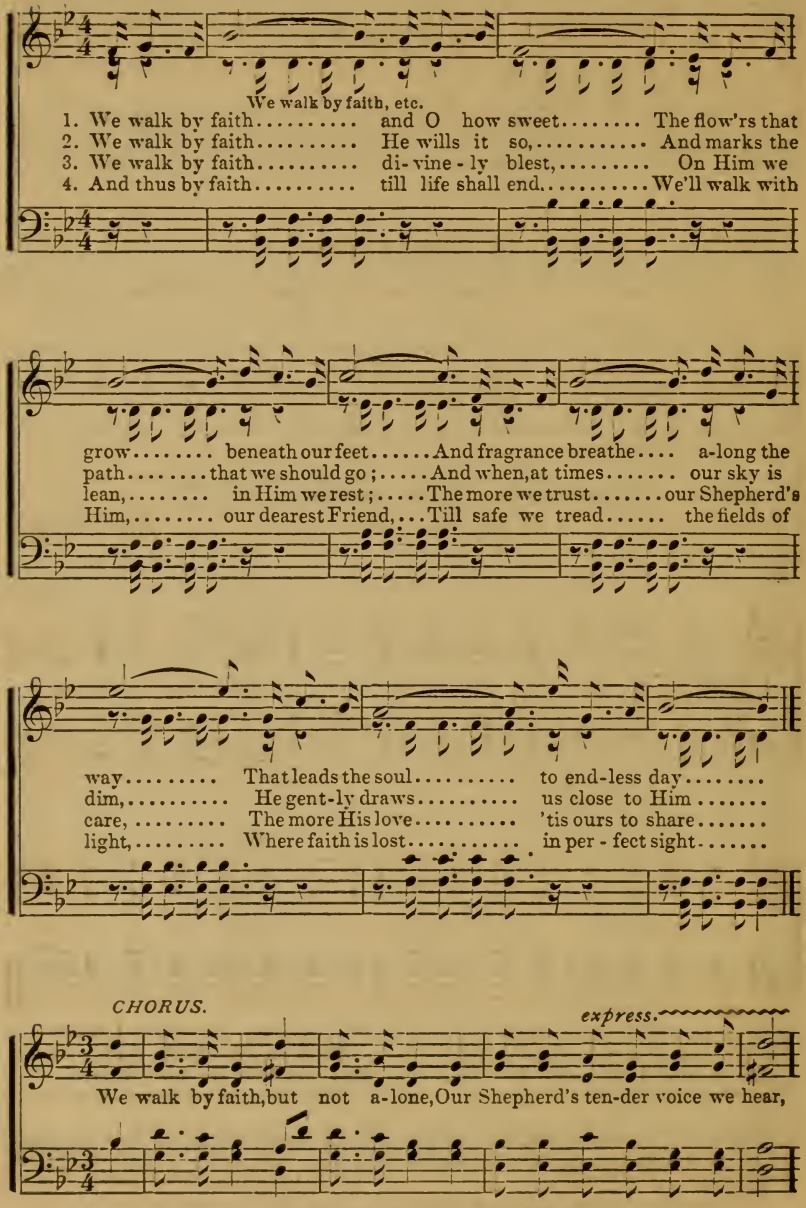
21. We Walk by Faith.

Words by FANNY J. CROSBY. *Used by permission.* Music by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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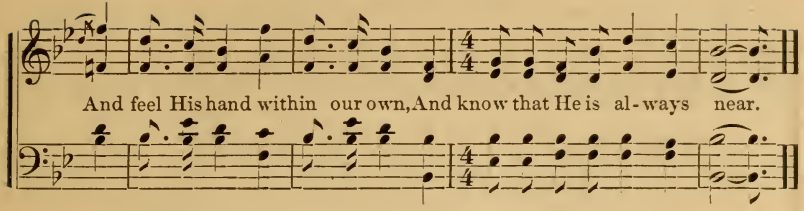
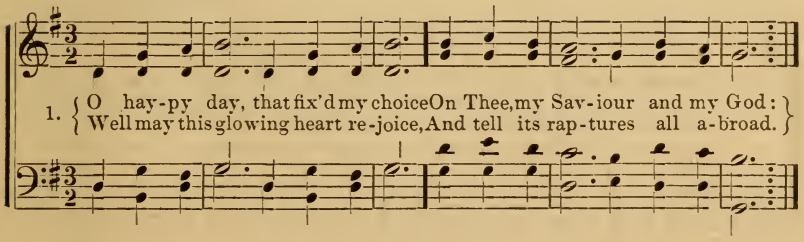
We Walk by Faith. Concluded.

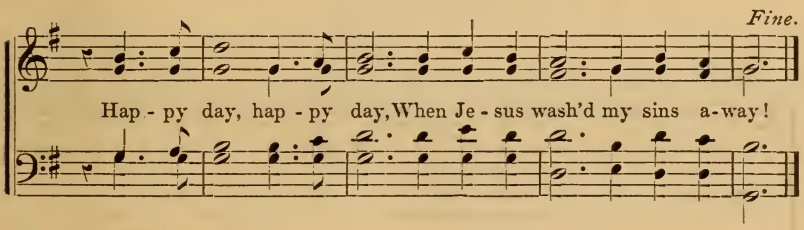


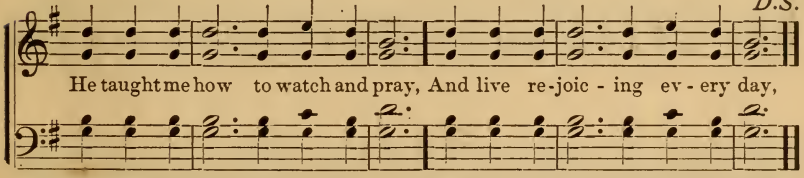
22. O Happy Day.

July 28th, 1886, 9.40 p. m. At the old Jerry McAuley Mission, 316 Water St., N. Y.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.







2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done! the great transaction's done!
I am my Lord's, and He is mine:
He drew me, and I follow'd on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart;
With Him, of every good possessed.

5 High Heaven that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renew'd shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

The New Song.

Words by Flora L. Best. Music by Jno. R. Sweney. By per.

Moderato.

1. There are songs of joy that I lov'd to sing, When my heart was blithe as a
2. There are strains of home that are dear as life, And I list to them oft 'mid the
3. Can my lips be mute, or my heart be sad, When the gra-cious Mas-ter hath
4. I shall catch the gleam of its jasper wall When I come to the gloom of the

bird in Spring; But the song I have learn'd is so full of cheer, That the
din of strife; But I know of a home that is wondrous fair, And I
made me glad? When he points where the many man-sions be, And
e - ven-fall, For I know that the shadows, dreary and dim, Have a

REFRAIN. *Vivace.*

dawn shines out in the darkness drear. O, the new, new song! O, the
sing the psalm they are singing there.
sweetly says "There is one for thee?"
path of light that will lead to him.

O, the new, new song!

new, new song! I can sing it now With the

O, the new, new song! I can sing just now

From "Gems of Praise."

The New Song. Concluded.

ran - - som'd throng: Pow-er and do-min-ion to him that shall
ransom'd, the ransom'd throng:

reign; Glo-ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain.
that shall reign;

24 Consolation.

MARY SMALL. GEO. E. LEE.

pp

1. Sis - ter, thou art sweetly sleeping, Free from pain, and toil, and care;
2. Thou wilt sleep, but not for-ev-er; Je - sus died, and rose a - gain;
3. Sis - ter, then we hope to meet thee, Then we'll take thee by the hand,

p *m*

Dear - est sis - ter, how we miss thee, Miss thee in the house of prayer.
Soon he'll come in clouds of glo - ry, Thou wilt rise with him to reign.
Then we'll twine our arms a-round thee In that bright and hap-py land.

25. Welcome for Me.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Like a bird on the deep, far a-way from its nest, I had wander'd, my
2. I am safe in the ark; I have fold-ed my wings On the bo-som of

Saviour from Thee; But Thy dear loving voice call'd me home to Thy breast, And I
mer-cy di-vine; I am filled with the light of Thy presence so bright, And the

CHORUS.

knew there was welcome for me. Welcome for me, Saviour from Thee; A
joy that will ev-er be mine.

smile and a wel-come for me; Now, like a dove, I rest in Thy love, And

find a sweet refuge in Thee, in Thee.

3 I am safe in the ark, and I dread not the storm,
Though around me the surges may roll;
I will look to the skies, where the day never dies,
I will sing of the joy in my soul.

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26. Away Over Jordan.

As Sung by ALICE TERRELL. E. E. NICKERSON.

1. Oh, we are go-ing to wear a crown, To wear a star-ry crown.
2. You must re-pent, to wear a crown, To wear a star-ry crown.

Oh, we are go-ing to wear a crown, To wear a star-ry crown.
You must re-pent, to wear a crown, To wear a star-ry crown.

CHORUS.

A-way o-ver Jor-dan, With my bless-ed Je-sus,

A-way o-ver Jor-dan, To wear a star-ry crown.

27. WHEN PEACE LIKE A RIVER.

1 When peace, like a river, attendeth my way,
When sorrows, like sea billows roll,
Whatever my lot, thou hast taught me to say—
It is well, it is well with my soul.

Chorus.—It is well with my soul,
It is well, it is well with my soul.

2 Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come,
Let this blest assurance control,
That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate,
And hath shed his own blood for my soul.

3 My sin—oh the bliss of this glorious thought—
My sin—not in part, but the whole,
Is nailed to his cross, and I bear it no more,
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, oh my soul!

4 And Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight,
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll;
The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall descend,
"Even so,"—it is well with my soul.

28. Companionship with Jesus.

Words by MARY D JAMES. Music by W. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.

1. Oh, bles - sed fel - low-ship divine! Oh, joy supremely sweet! Com-
2. I'm walk-ing close to Je-sus' side; So close that I can hear The
3. I'm lean - ing on his loving breast, A-long life's weary way; My
4. I know his shelt'ring wings of love Are al-ways o'er me spread; And

pan - ion-ship with Je - sus here Makes life with bliss re - plete: In
soft - est whispers of his love In fel - low-ship so dear, And
path, il - lumined by his smiles, Grows brighter day by day: No
though the storms may fiercely rage, All calm and free from dread, My

un - ion with the pur - est one, I find my heav'n on earth be-gun.
feel his great Al-might-y hand Protects me in this hostile land.
foes, no woes my heart can fear, With my Al-might-y Friend so near.
peace-ful spir - it ev - er sings "I'll trust the cov-ert of thy wings.

REFRAIN.

Oh, wondrous bliss! oh, joy sublime! I've Je - sus with me all the time!

Oh, wondrous bliss! oh, joy sublime! I've Je - sus with me all the time!

From "SONGS OF TRIUMPH."

29. Shall I be Saved To-night.

FANNY J. CROSBY. MRS. M. BLISS WILSON. By per.

1. Je - sus is pleading with my poor soul, Shall I be saved to-night?
2. Je - sus was nailed to the cross for me, Shall I be saved to-night?
3. Je - sus is knock-ing at my poor heart, Shall I be saved to-night?
4. What if that voice I should hear no more, Shall I be saved to-night?

If I be-lieve, He will make me whole, Shall I be saved to-night?
How can my heart so un - grate - ful be? Shall I be saved to-night?
What if His Spir - it should now de-part? Shall I be saved to-night?
Quickly I'll o - pen this bolt - ed door, Save me, O Lord, to-night.

Ten-der - ly, sad-ly I hear Him say, How can you grieve me from day to day?
Now He will save me by grace divine, Now, if I will, I may call Him mine;
O - ver and o - ver His voice I hear, Sweet-ly it falls on my list'ning ear;
Bless-ed Re-deem-er, come in, come in, Pi - ty my sorrow, forgive my sin?

Shall I go on in the old, old way, Or shall I be saved to-night?
Can I the pleasures of earth re-sign? Oh, shall I be saved to-night?
Shall I re - ject Him—a friend so dear? Oh, shall I be saved to-night?
Now let Thy work in my soul be-gin, For I will be saved to-night.

30. Sinner, See Yon Light.

J. C. Bateman.

Moderato.

1. Sinner, see yon light Shining clear and bright From the Cross on Cal - va - ry,
2. In the gloomy shade When He knelt and pray'd, Oh, what painful ag - o - ny!
3. See, the Saviour stands With His wounded hands, And He calls aloud to thee,

Where the Saviour died, And from His side Came the Blood that sets us free.
When His brow was wet With the bloody sweat In the gar-den of Geth-sem-a - ne.
Come a-way to Him And confess your sin, Come to Him who died for thee.

CHORUS.

Come a-way, come a-way,
Come a-way, come a-way, To the Cross for ref - uge flee;

See the Saviour stands With His bleeding hands, Thy ransom He paid on the tree.

From the "Musical Salvationist." By per.

31 Step Out on the Promise.

Arr. by E. F. M. To John H. Murray. E. F. Miller.

1. O mourn - er in Zi - on, how bless - ed art thou,
2. O ye that are hun - gry and thirst - y, re - joice!
3. Who sighs for a heart from in - iq - ui - ty free?
4. Step out on this prom - ise, and Christ thou shalt win,

For Je - sus, is wait - ing to com - fort thee now,
For ye shall be filled; do you hear that sweet voice
O poor trou - bled soul! there's a prom - ise for thee,
"The blood of His Son cleans - eth us from all sin,"

Fear not to re - ly on the word of thy God;
In - vit - ing you now to the ban - quet of God;
There's rest, wea - ry one, in the bo - som of God;
It cleans - eth me now, hal - le - lu - jah to God;

Step out on the prom - ise,— get un - der the blood.
Step out on the prom - ise,— get un - der the blood.
Step out on the prom - ise,— get un - der the blood.
I rest on His prom - ise,—I'm un - der the blood.

Copyright, 1884, by E. F. Miller. From "The Shout of Victory," by per.

He Rose.

As sung by the Boydton Students. Arr. by D. C. Wright.

He rose, He rose, He rose from the dead, He rose, He rose,
He rose, He rose, He rose, He rose,

He rose from the dead, He rose, He rose, He rose from the dead,
He rose, He rose.

And the Lord shall bear my spir - it home, And the Lord shall bear my spirit home.

REFRAIN.

1. They crucified my Sav-iour, and nail'd Him to the cross, They cru-ci-fied my Saviour, and
2. But Joseph begged His body, and laid it in the tomb, But Joseph begged His body, and

nailed Him to the cross, They cru-ci - fied my Saviour, and nailed Him to the cross,
laid it in the tomb, But Jo-seph begged the bod-y, and laid it in the tomb,

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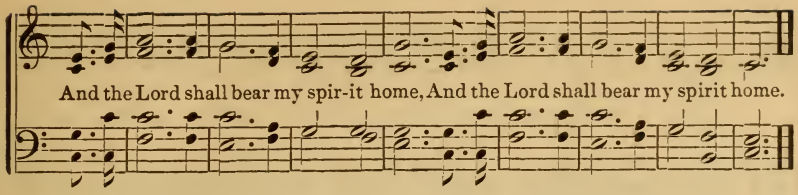
He Rose. Concluded.



3 ‖: The cold grave could not hold him, nor death's cold iron bands. :‖

4 ‖: An angel came from heaven, and rolled the stone away. :‖

5 ‖: Sister Mary she came running; her Saviour for to see. :‖

6 ‖: The angel said, "He is not here, He's gone to Galilee." :‖

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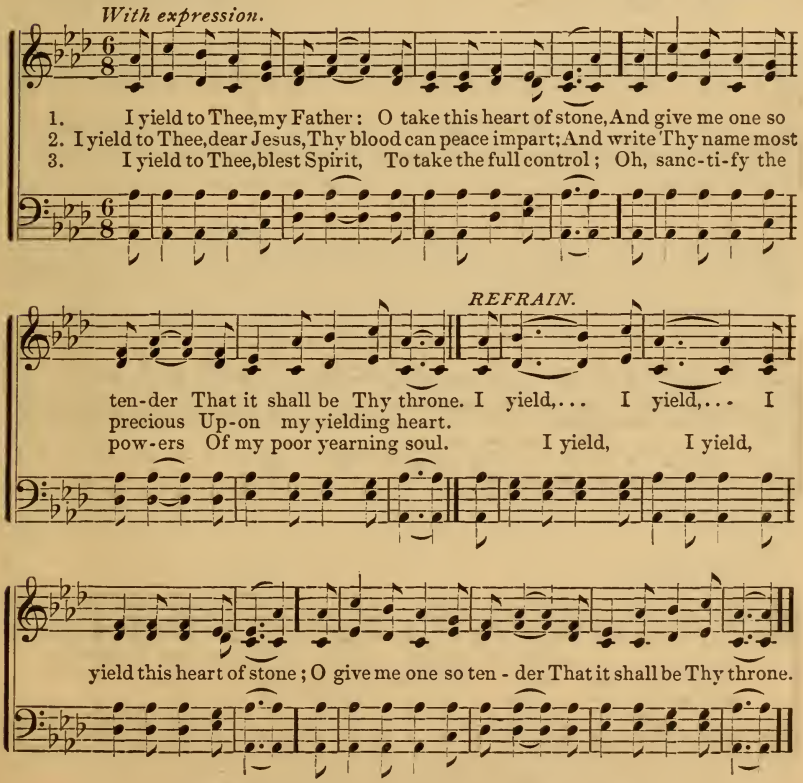
33 I Yield to Thee.

REV. FRANK POLLOCK. CHAS. E. POLLOCK.

With expression.



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34. Lead me gently Home, Father.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. Lead me gently home, Father, Lead me gently home, When life's toils are
2. Lead me gently home, Father, Lead me gently home, In life's darkest

end - ed, and parting days have come; Sin no more shall tempt me,
hours, Father, When life's troubles come, Keep my feet from wand'ring,

rit. p

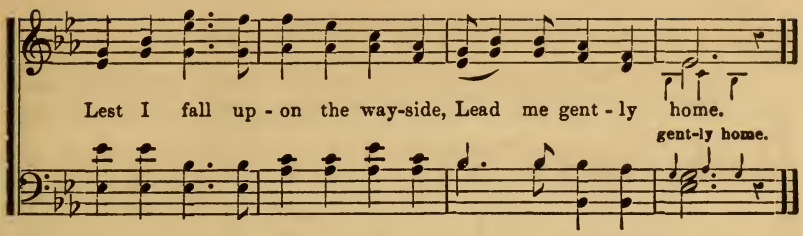
Ne'er from thee I'll roam, If thou'lt only lead me, Father, Lead me gently home.
Lest from thee I roam: Lest I fall upon the wayside, Lead me gently home.

REFRAIN.

Lead me gent-ly home, Fa-ther, Lead me gent-ly,
Lead me gently home, Fa - ther, Lead me gent - ly home, Fa - ther,

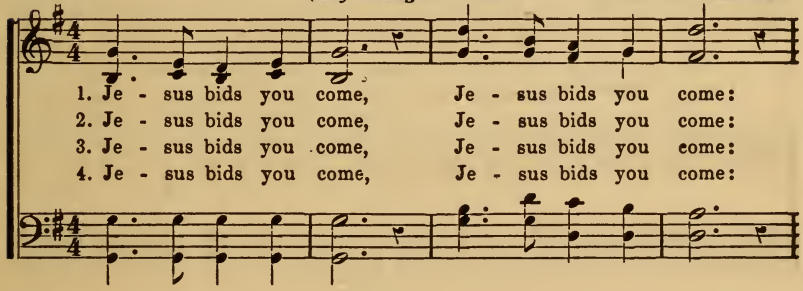
By permission of W. L. THOMPSON, East Liverpool, O.

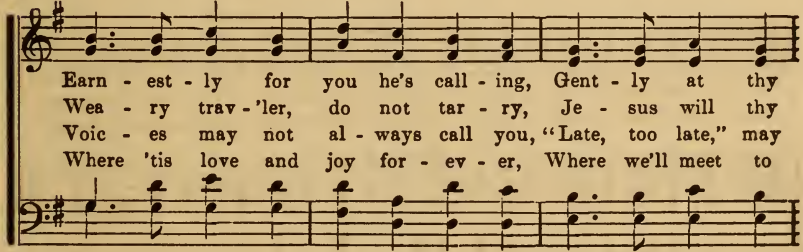
Lead me gently Home, Father. Concluded.

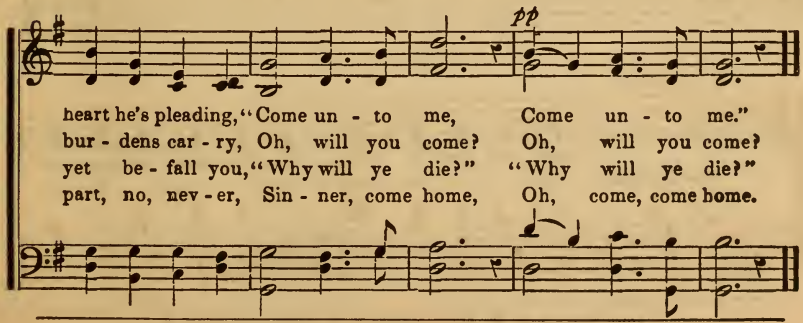


35. Jesus bids you Come.

W. T. L. (*May be sung as a Solo.*) WILL L. THOMPSON.







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36. Bear The Cross For Jesus.

As sung by Mr. and Mrs. Wm. V. Baker, the blind Evangelists.

Arranged. for "Rescue Songs." Arr. by Mrs. K. BAKER.

1. Bear the cross for Je - sus, Bear it ev - ery day, Though the path be rug-ged, Bear it all the way; Bear the cross for Je - sus, What - so - e'er it be, Bear it and re - mem - ber, All is love for thee.
2. Bear the cross for Je - sus, Bear it thro' the strife, Or in pain and si-lence, What - so - e'er thy life. Bear the cross with patience, Though you sigh for rest, Just the one He gives you, Is for you the best.
3. Bear the cross for Je - sus, Would you know the pow'r Of His grace to save you, Save you hour by hour? Bear the cross for Je - sus, Nev - er mind its weight, We shall leave our bur - dens At the Gol-den Gate.

CHORUS.

Bear the cross, Bear the cross, Bear it ev - ery day, Bear the cross for Je - sus, Bear it all the way.

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37. Oh! 'tis Glory in My Soul.

Words by Flora L. Best. Music by Jno. R. Swenei

1. To thy cross, dear Christ, I'm clinging, All my re - fuge and my plea;
2. Long my heart hath heard thee call-ing, But I thrust a - side thy grace;
3. Love e - ter - nal, light e - ter - nal, Close me safe - ly, sweet-ly in;

Matchless is thy lov-ing kindness, Else it had not stoop'd to me.
Yet, O boundless con-de - scen-sion, Love is shin-ing from thy face.
Sav - iour, let thy balm of heal-ing Ev - er keep me free from sin.

CHORUS.

Oh, 'tis glo - ry! oh, 'tis glo - ry! Oh, 'tis glo - ry in my soul,

For I've touch'd the hem of his garment, And his pow'r doth make me whole.

37½

OH, FOR A HEART TO PRAISE MY GOD.

1 Oh, for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that always feels the blood
So freely spilt for me.

2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne:
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone:

3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within:

4 A heart in every thought renew'd,
And full of love divine;
Perfect and right, and pure and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new best name of Love.

38. The Cross.

REV. J. H. STOCKTON. PETER R. BERGEN.

Slow.

1. The cross ! the cross ! the blood-stain'd cross ! The hallow'd cross I see ! Reminding
2. That cross ! that cross ! that heavy cross, My Saviour bore for me, Which bow'd Him
3. How light ! how light ! this precious cross, Presented to my view; And while, with
4. The crown ! the crown ! the glorious crown ! The crown of victory ! The crown of
5. My tears, un - bid - den, seem to flow For love, unbounded love, Which guides me

CHORUS. Slow and soft.

me of precious blood That once was shed for me. Oh, the blood ! the precious blood !
to the earth with grief, On sad Mount Cal - va - ry.
care, I take it up, Behold the crown my due.
life ! it shall be mine When I shall Jesus see.
thro' this world of woe And points to joys above.

rit.

That Je-sus shed for me Upon the cross, in crimson flood, Just *now* by faith I see.

---

39. The Lord will Provide.

PROF. S. C. HARRINGTON.

1. In some way or oth - er the Lord will provide ; It may not be *my* way,
2. At some time or oth - er the Lord will provide ; It may not be *my* time,
3. Despond then no longer ; the Lord will provide ; And this be the to - ken—
4. March on, then, right boldly ; the sea shall divide ; The pathway made glorious,

Used by permission.

The Lord will Provide. Concluded.

It may not be *thy* way, And yet, in His *own* way, "The Lord will provide."
It may not be *thy* time, And yet, in His *own* time, "The Lord will provide."
No word He hath spoken Was ev - er yet broken—"The Lord will provide."
With shoutings victorious, We'll join in the cho-rus, "The Lord will provide."

40. O, Sing of His Mighty Love.

REV. F. BOTTOME.

1. { O, bliss of the pu - ri - fied! bliss of the free! I plunge in the crim-son tide o-pened for me! }
{ O'er sin and un-clean-ness ex - ult - ing I stand, And point to the print of the nails in His hand. }

QUARTETTE Light.

O, sing of His might-y love.

Sing of His might-y love, Sing of His might-y love—mighty to save.

2 O, bliss of the purified! Jesus is mine,
No longer in dread condemnation I pine;
In conscious salvation I sing of His grace
Who lifteth upon me the smiles of His face!—*Cho.*

3 O, bliss of the purified! bliss of the pure!
No wound hath the soul that His blood cannot cure;
No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly find rest,
No tears—but may dry them on Jesus' breast.—*Cho.*

4 O, Jesus the crucified! Thee will I sing!
My blessed Redeemer! my God, and my King!
My soul filled with rapture shall shout o'er the grave,
And triumph in death in the MIGHTY TO SAVE!

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41. I will Shout His Praise in Glory.

P. H. Dingman. Dedicated to H. E. A. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. You ask what makes me happy, my heart so free from care, It is because my
2. I was a friendless wand'rer till Jesus took me in, My life was full of
3. I wish that ev'ry sinner before his throne would bow; He waits to bid them
4. I mean to live for Jesus while here on earth I stay, And when his voice shall

Sav - iour in mercy heard my prayer; He brought me out of darkness and
sor - row, my heart was full of sin; But when the blood so precious spoke
welcome, he longs to bless them now; If they but knew the rapture that
call me to realms of endless day, As one by one we gath - er, re-

now the light I see; O blessed, loving Saviour! to him the praise shall be.
pardon to my soul; Oh, blissful, blissful moment! 'twas joy beyond control.
in his love I see, They'd come and shout salvation, and sing his praise with me.
joicing on the shore, We'll shout his praise in glory, and sing forev- ermore.

CHORUS.

I will shout his praise in glo - ry, And we'll
So will I, so will I,

all sing halle - lu-jah in heav-en by and by; I will shout his praise in

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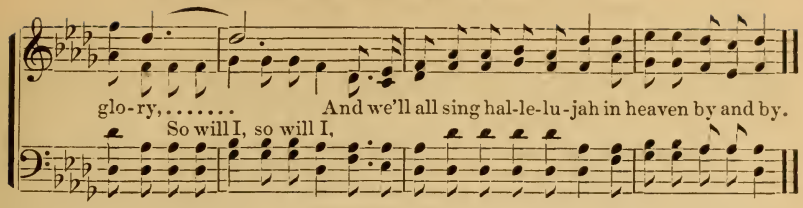
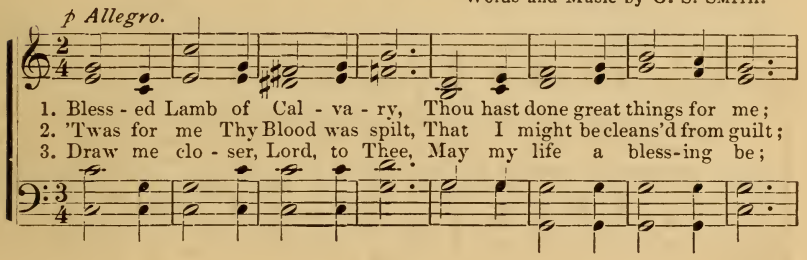
I Will Shout His Praise. Concluded.

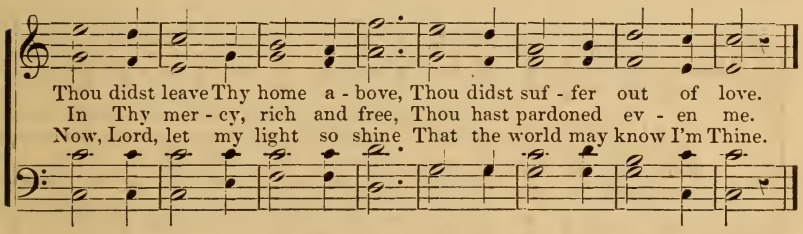


42. Thou Art a Mighty Saviour.

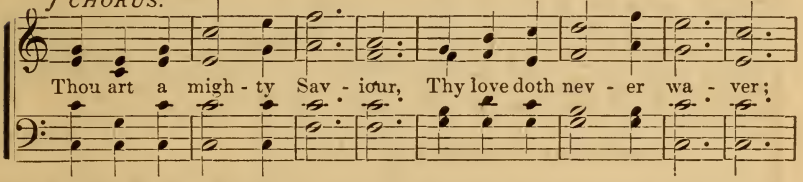
Words and Music by G. S. Smith.

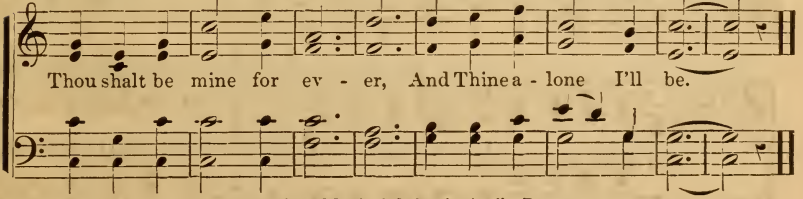
p Allegro.





f CHORUS.





From the "Musical Salvationist." By per.

43. While the Years are Rolling On.

HARRIET B. MCKEEVER. Dedicated to Mrs. L. G. Owen. JNO. R. SWENEY, by per.

Recitante.

1. In a world so full of weep-ing, While the years are roll-ing on,
2. There's no time to waste in sigh-ing, While the years are roll-ing on;
3. Let us strengthen one an - oth - er, While the years are roll-ing on;
4. Friends we love are quick-ly fly - ing, While the years are roll-ing on;

Chris-tian souls the watch are keep-ing, While the years are roll - ing on.
Time is fly - ing, souls are dy - ing, While the years are roll - ing on.
Seek to raise a fall - en broth - er, While the years are roll - ing on.
No more part - ing, no more dy - ing, While the years are roll - ing on.

While our journey we pur-sue, With the ha - ven still in view, There is
Lov - ing words a soul may win From the wretched paths of sin; We may
This is work for ev - 'ry hand, Till, thro'-out cre - a - tion's land, Ar-mies
In the world beyond the tomb Sor-row nev - er more can come, When we

CHORUS.

work for us to do, While the years are rolling on.
bring the wand'rers in, While the years are rolling on. Are rolling on,
for the Lord shall stand, While the years are rolling on. are rolling on,
meet in that blest home, While the years are rolling on.

Are roll-ing on, Oh, the joy that we may scatter, While the years are
are rolling on, rolling on.]

44. Sound the Battle Cry!

Words and Music by Wm. F. Sherwin.

Vigorously, in March time.

1. Sound the bat - tle cry! See! the foe is nigh; Raise the standard high
2. Strong to meet the foe, Marching on we go, While our cause we know
3. Oh! thou God of all, Hear us when we call; Help us one and all

For the Lord; Gird your ar-mor on, Stand firm ev - 'ry one; Rest your
Must pre-vail; Shield and banner bright Gleaming in the light; Battling
By thy grace; When the battle's done, And the vict'ry won, May we

CHORUS. ff

cause up-on His ho-ly word. Rouse then, soldiers! ral-ly round the banner!
for the right We ne'er can fail.
wear the crown Before thy face.

Ready, steady, pass the word a - long; Onward, forward,

shout a - loud Ho - san-na! Christ is Captain of the mighty throng.

45. "He Loved Me."

"And gave himself for me."—GAL. 2: 20.

Words and Melody furnished.
by Capt. J. E. DUTTON.

JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Three lit - tle sunbeams gild-ing all I see, Three lit - tle chords each full of mel - o - dy, Three lit - tle leaves balm for my ag - o - ny.
2. HE, He loved me, the Fa-ther's on - ly Son, He gave Him-self, the pre-cious spot-less One, He shed His blood and thus the work was done.
3. LOVED me, not pit - ied, here my soul shall rest, Sor-row may come, I to His heart am press'd, What should I fear while shelt'ring in His breast?
4. Won - der of won - ders Je - sus lov - ed ME! Lost, ru-ined wretch, all sunk in mis - er - y, He sought me, found me, raised me, set me free!

CHORUS.

"He loved me,"

"*He loved me,*" "He loved me," O bless - ed One a - bove.

rit.

"*He*" first, "*me*" last, With noth - ing be - tween but *love.*

Copyright 1890, by JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

46. Wait a Little while.

H. Pollard, 1881.

Southern Melody.
As Sung by Eld. D. R. Mansfield.
(Arr. by F. A. Blackmer.)

CHORUS.

Wait a lit - tle while, Then we'll sing the New Song.

Wait a lit - tle while, Then we'll sing the New Song.

Fine.

1. When the great Ju - bi - lee shall come, Then we'll sing the New Song,
2. When the long night of sin shall close, Then we'll sing the New Song,
3. When the glad shout shall rend the sky, Then we'll sing the New Song,

D.C. Chorus.

And Christ shall take his ransom'd home, Then we'll sing the New Song.
And life's fair day shall end our woes, Then we'll sing the New Song.
"O grave, where is thy vic - to - ry?" Then we'll sing the New Song.

4 When sorrow, pain and death are o'er,
Then we'll sing the New Song,
And sighs and tears shall be no more,
Then we'll sing the New Song.

5 When to the pearly gates we come,
Then we'll sing the New Song;
When we have reach'd our blissful home,
Then we'll sing the New Song.

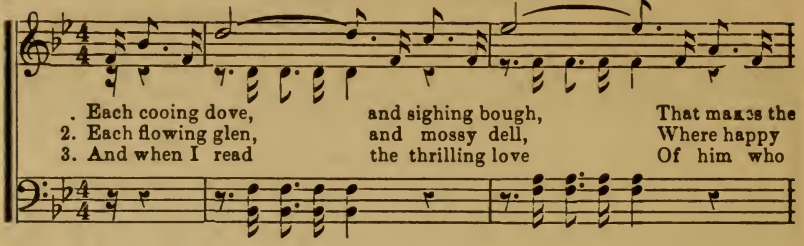
6 When we shall tread life's river brink,
Then we'll sing the New Song,
And of those crystal waters drink,
Then we'll sing the New Song.

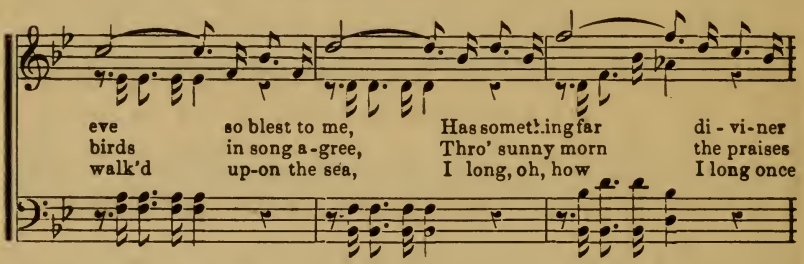
7 Where all will be immortal, fair,
There we'll sing the New Song,
When blood-wash'd robes are ours to wear,
Then we'll sing the New Song.

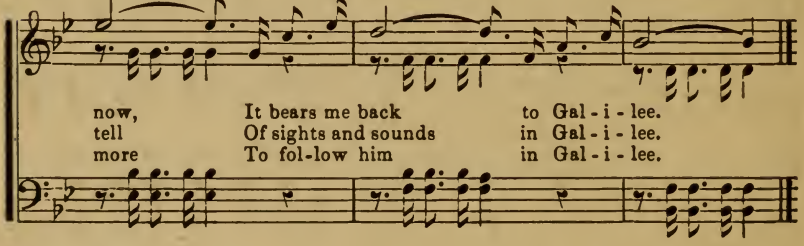
By permission. *Copyright*, 1881, *by D. R. Mansfield.*

47. Memories of Galilee.

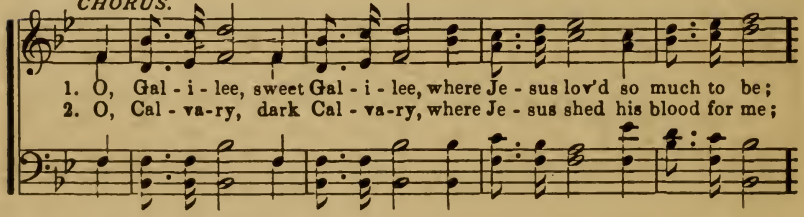
ROBERT MORRIS, L. L. D. H. R. PALMER. By permission.

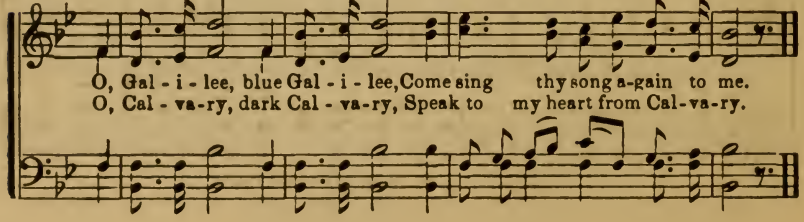






CHORUS.





48. Glory to God, Hallelujah!

Dedicated to Rev. I. Simmons.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

1. We are nev-er, nev-er wea-ry of the grand old song; Glo-ry to
2. We are lost a-mid the rap-ture of re-deem-ing love; Glo-ry to
3. We are go-ing to a pal-ace that is built of gold; Glo-ry to
4. There we'll shout redeeming mer-cy in a glad, new song; Glo-ry to

God, hal-le-lu-jah! We can sing it loud as ever, with our faith more strong:
God, hal-le-lu-jah! We are ris-ing on its pinions to the hills a-bove:
God, hal-le-lu-jah! Where the King in all His splendor we shall soon behold:
God, hallelujah! There we'll sing the praise of Jesus with the blood-wash'd throng:

Fine. CHORUS.

Glo-ry to God, hal-le-lu-jah! O, the children of the Lord have a

right to shout and sing, For the way is grow-ing bright, and our

D. S.

souls are on the wing; We are going by and by to the palace of a King!

Copyright, 1885, by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

49. Never Go Back Again.

Words and Music by J. Roberts, by per.

mf Allegretto.

1. I am a Vol-un-teer Sol-dier, I have left the path of sin,
2. My mon-ey, too, I once used to spend In con-cert room and ball,
3. There's pardon now for each wea-ry soul That's list'ning to my song,

The dev-il and all his works are out, The King of Kings is in;
But if I had my time a-gain I'd keep far from them all,
The Blood can cleanse and make you whole, Then why hold back so long?

mp poco rit. *f*

I'll have no more of the dev-il's pay, It brings but grief and pain;
For all my ef-forts to find true peace And joy were spent in vain;
Come, drunkard, swearer; come, li-ar, thief, You all may par-don gain,

a tempo.

Come, leave sin's path as well, my friend, And nev-er go back a-gain.
So, leave the path of sin, my friend, And nev-er go back a-gain.
So, leave the path of sin, my friend, And nev-er go back a-gain.

Never Go Back Again. Concluded.

f CHORUS.

And nev - er go back a - gain, And nev - er go back a - gain;

Oh, leave the path of sin, my friend, And nev - er go back a - gain.

50. He Is Calling.

FABER. Arr. by S. J. VAIL.

1. There's a wideness in God's mercy, Like the wide-ness of the sea;
2. There is wel-come for the sin-ner, And more grac-es for the good;
3. For the love of God is broader Than the measure of man's mind:
4. If our love were but more sim-ple, We should take Him at His word;

There's a kind-ness in His justice Which is more than lib - er - ty.
There is mer - cy with the Saviour; There is heal-ing in His blood.
And the heart of the E - ter-nal Is most won-der - ful and kind.
And our lives would be all sunshine In the sweetness of our Lord.

CHORUS.

He is call-ing, "Come to me!" Lord, I'll glad-ly haste to thee.

51. Hours That Are Fleeting Away.

H. H. Booth, by per. S. C. Slater.

mp Andante con moto.

1. Hours that are fleet-ing a - way, Short'ning thy time here to stay, Are bringing thee near, Thy sentence to hear, For
2. Death that is draw-ing so nigh, Asks, "Art thou read - y to die?" 'Tis *eas - y to sneer* When there's naught to fear, But
3. Wounded for *thee* was thy King, Smit - ten *thy* par-don to bring! En - dur-ing the scorn, The cross and the thorn, Thy

cres.

what thou art do - ing to - day! Oh, sin - ner, make haste, There's
dy - ing canst thou Him de - ny? Oh, *Death* will de-clare Thy
poor heart of sor-row to win. From heav-en He came Thy

f *dim.* *poco rit.*

a tempo.

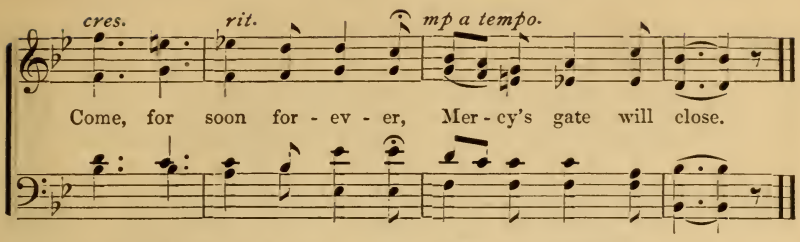
p

no time to waste! Oh, sin-ner, make haste, There's no time to waste!
aw - ful de-spair! Oh, *Death* will de-clare Thy aw - ful de-spair.
soul to re-claim. From heaven He came Thy soul to re-claim.

mp CHORUS.

Swift - ly time rush - es by, Sin - ner, soon thou must die,
Swiftly, swiftly, Sin-ner, sinner,

Hours That Are Fleeting Away. Concluded.

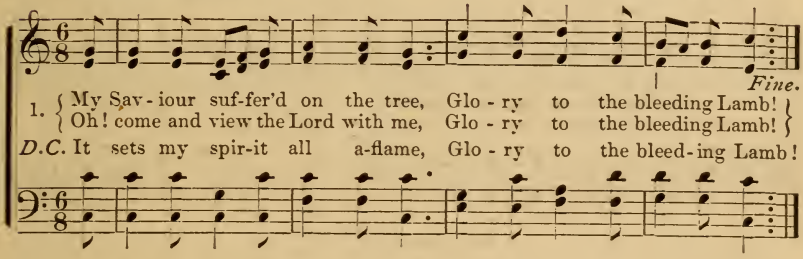


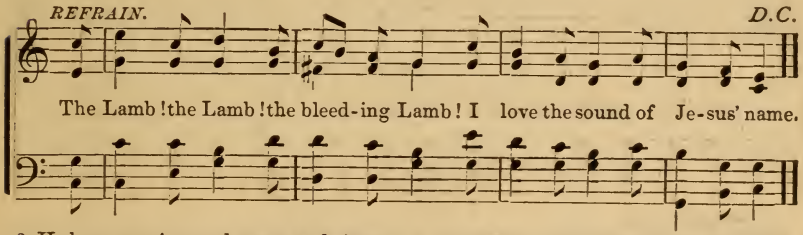
4 Longing thy Saviour to be,
Peace now He offers to thee;
And pleasures untold
He wants to unfold
If only to Him thou wilt flee.
‖: Oh, joy to thy heart
He waits to impart :‖

5 Mercy so wondrous as this,
Sinner, be wise not to miss,
Lest, finding, *too late*,
Thou'rt *outside the gate*
Of mercy, of pardon, and bliss.
‖: *To reach thus the tomb,*
How awful thy doom! :‖

52. The Bleeding Lamb.

To Dr. Henry Wilson. Arranged, W. J. K.





2 He bore my sins, and curse, and shame,
Glory to the bleeding Lamb;
And I am sav'd through Jesus' name,
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

3 I know my sins are all forgiv'n,
Glory to the bleeding Lamb;
And I am on my way to heav'n,
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

4 And when the storms of life are o'er,
Glory to the bleeding Lamb;
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

5 And this my ceaseless song shall be,—
Glory to the bleeding Lamb;—
That Jesus tasted death for me,
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

53. There's something more than Gold.

E. E. NICKERSON.

1. There liv'd a man in Israel's land, They call'd him Zaccheus bold; He car'd for
2. The Savior march'd in-to that town, This little man was told That Je - sus
3. He quickly ran himself to see The truth of what was told; And climbing
4. Let worldlings have their pleasures gay, And men their wealth untold; I've Je- [sus

nei - ther God or man, But worship'd bags of gold. But worship'd bags of gold.
Christ had come that way With something more than gold. With something, &c.
up a wayside tree, 'Twas there he did behold There's something more than gold.
in my heart to-day, That's something more than gold. That's something more than [gold.

CHORUS.

Oh yes, Oh yes, There's something more than gold. Oh yes, Oh
Oh yes, Oh yes, Oh yes,
yes,—There's something more than gold. There's something more than gold.
Oh yes,

Copyright, 1886, by E. E. Nickerson.

54. Sowing the Tares.

Dedicated to "Brother Will," M. Cell 1069.

Words by a Convict. M. A. Lee.

Slow. To be sung as a Solo.

1. Sow-ing the tares, when it might have been wheat, Sowing of mal-ice,
2. Sow-ing the tares, how dark the black sin, Mingling a curse with
3. Sow-ing the tares that bring sor-row down, Robs of its jew-els
4. Sow-ing the tares un-der cov-er of night, Which might have been wheat,

spite, and de-ceit, We might have sown ro-ses a-mid life's sad cares, While
life's sweetest hymn, And heeding no an-guish, no pit-e-ous pray'rs, While
life's fair-est crown; And turning to sil-ver the once golden hairs, Grown
all golden and bright; O heart, turn to God with repentance and pray'r, And

REFRAIN.

we were so cru-el-ly sow-ing the tares;
we were so cru-el-ly sow-ing the tares;
whit-er and whit-er as we sowed the tares;
plead for for-give-ness for sow-ing the tares;
} Sow-ing the tares,

Sow-ing the tares, We plead for for-give-ness for sow-ing the tares.

55. Lead, Kindly Light.

LUX BENIGNA.

1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a - mid th'en-cir-cling gloom, Lead thou me on; The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead thou me on. Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.

2. I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead thou me on. I loved the gar - ish day; and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will: re-mem-ber not past years.

3. So long thy power has blest me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those an - gel fa - ces smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while. A-men.

p

cres.

56. Steal Away.

Words altered by H. H. H. — Southern Song and Melody.

p

Steal a - way, Steal a - way, steal a - way to Je - sus!

f *p*

Steal a - way, Steal a - way home, I haint got long to stay here.

f

1. My Lord calls me, He calls me by the thun - der; The
2. Oh, drinking sin - ner, come has - ten home to Je - sus, The

p *D.C.*

trum - pet sounds it in my soul,—I haint got long to stay here.
trum - pet sounds it to your soul,—You haint got long to stay here.

3 My Lord calls you—He calls you by the gospel;
The trumpet sounds it to your soul,—
You haint got long to stay here.
Cho.—Steal away, etc.

4 Your wife's heart is breaking—poor children stand trembling;
Oh take the words of comfort home,—
For you haint got long to stay here.
Cho.—Steal away, etc.

From "Jubilee Songs," by permission of Biglow & Main.

57. The Garden of Our Lord.

In memory of the late Mrs. E. Bedell Benjamin.

FANNY J. CROSBY. THEO. MARZIALS.

Not too quick. Arr. by H. H. H.

1. Will you go? will you go to that beau - ti - ful cit - y? The
2. There our friends that the foot - steps of Je - sus have fol-lowed, And
3. There the Lord in His gar - den will crown us with jew - els, If

flowers are in bloom and the leaves never fade; Where the rivers of peace thro' the
cared for His lost ones while with us be-low, Are waiting for us on the banks
we have been faithful to gather them here, And oh, when we en - ter our beau-

valleys are flow-ing, And all in the sunlight of God is ar-rayed.
of the riv - er, And ten - der-ly call-ing, "Oh say, will you go?"
ti - ful mansion, He'll wipe from our eyes ev-ery sad part-ing tear.

Copyright, 1890, by H. H. HADLEY.

The Garden of Our Lord. Concluded.

REFRAIN.

We'll walk by the side of E - man - u - el there, And

p

roam with de-light in His garden so fair; We'll praise and a - dore Him our

lov-ing Re-deem-er, Who gath-ers us home in His glo - ry to share.

ff *cres - - cen - - - do.*

Will you go? will you go? will you go? will you go?

58. The Beautiful City of Gold.

Dedicated to the Memory of Mrs. Frances Lee Pettet.

Andante.

1. There's a cit - y that looks o'er the val - ley of death, And its glo - ries can nev - er be told; There the sun nev - er sets And the leaves nev-er fade, In that beau - ti - ful cit - y of gold.
2. There the King, our Re-deem - er, the Lord whom we love, All the faith - ful with rap - ture be-hold: There the righteous for-ev - er Shall shine as the stars, In that beau - ti - ful cit - y of gold.
3. Ev - ery soul we have led to the foot of the cross, Ev - ery lamb we have brought to the fold,—Shall be kept as bright jewels, Our crowns to a - dorn, In that beau - ti - ful cit - y of gold.

CHORUS.

There the sun nev-er sets, And the leaves nev-er fade;

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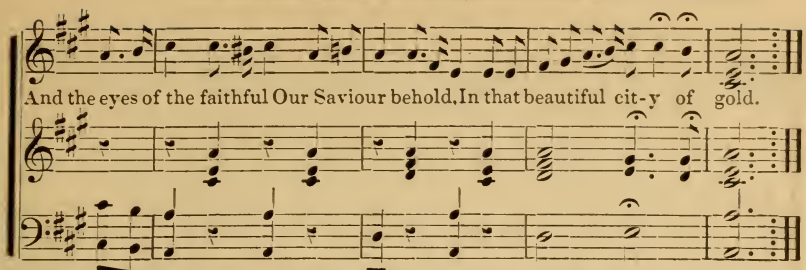
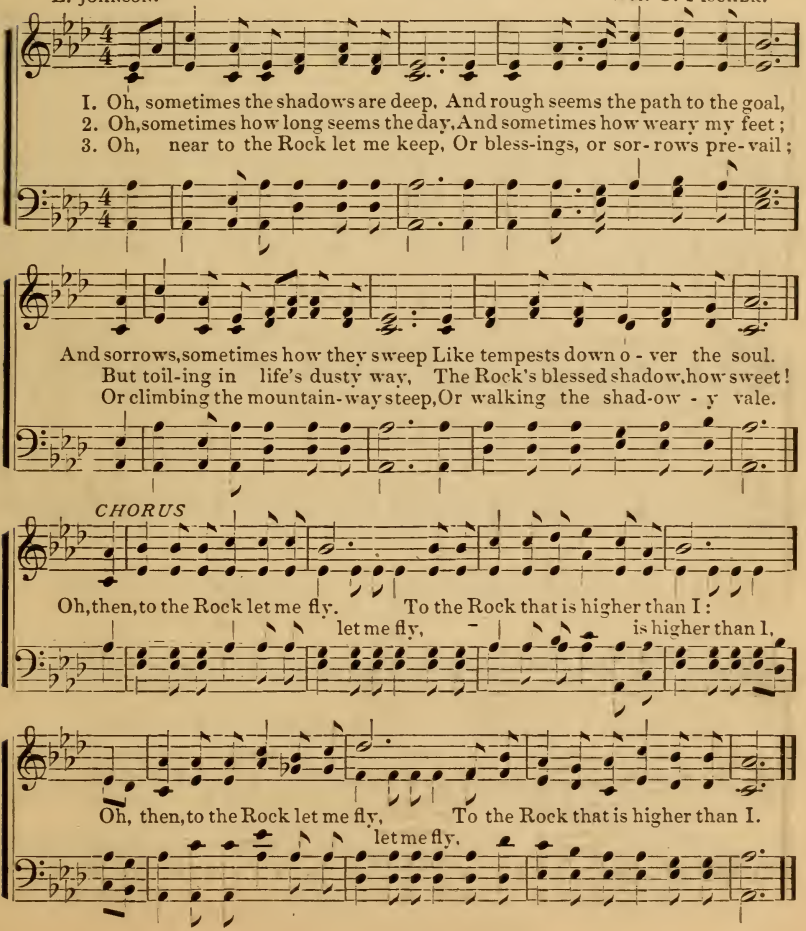
The Beautiful City of Gold. (Concluded.)



59. The Rock That is Higher Than I.

E. Johnson. Wm. G. Fischer.



60. She Is Coming Home To-morrow.

FANNY J. CROSBY. D. C. WRIGHT.

1. She is com-ing home to-mor-row, Can the hap-py news be true?
2. She is com-ing home to-mor-row, With her voice so sweet and low,
3. O, she's com-ing home to-mor-row, And she'll see the tears of joy,

She is com-ing home to-mor-row, And she'll bring the ba-by too.
I have been a cru-el husband, But 'twas drink that made me so.
Flowing o'er the sun-ny feat-ures, Of our dar-ling ba-by boy.

'Twas my fault that e'er she left me, O, my gen-tle, pa-tient wife,
But she's com-ing home to-mor-row, And she'll love me as be-fore,
O, my Sav-iour, hear and help me, Do not let me plead in vain,

It was I that crush'd the ro-ses, And the sun-shine from her life.
All the past will be for-giv-en, And our lives be-gin once more.
Help me keep the res-o-lu-tion, That I ne'er will drink a-gain.

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She Is Coming Home To-morrow. Concluded.

REFRAIN.

But she's coming home to-mor-row, With her voice so soft and low,

O, she will re-ceive a wel-come, And the tears of joy will flow.

Yes, she's com-ing home to-mor-row, She will love me as be-fore,

All the past will be for-giv-en, And our lives be-gin once more.

61. Come to Jesus, Just Now.

1. Come to Je-sus, come to Je-sus, come to Je-sus just now,

Just now come to Je-sus, come to Je-sus just now.

2. He will save you.
3. He is able.
4. He is willing.
5. He is waiting.
6. O believe Him.
7. O receive Him.
8. Jesus loves you.
9. He will bless you.
10. Let us praise Him.
11. Only trust Him.
12. I love Jesus.
13. Hallelujah, hallelujah.

62. Our Standard.

HENRY H. HADLEY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

1. We all have a - greed on a stand - ard, That dai - ly we
2. As men of in - tel - li - gent wis - dom, Our thoughts on our
3. Our glass - es at lunch, if we take them, Our glass - es of
4. Yet I was a slave to the hab - it, It threatened my

mean to pur - sue, To drink when engaged at our la - bors, We've
du - ties should be, But drink makes them dull and in - ac - tive, A
wine or of beer, Will cloud both our rea - son and judgment, That
hopes and my all, They said, "Je - sus on - ly can save you," So with

CHORUS.

made up our minds will not do We've come to this con - clu - sion, By
truth that we plain - ly can see.
ought to be stead - y and clear.
His help I drink none at all.

which we mean to a - bide, We can't make a busi - ness of

drink - ing, And do oth - er busi - ness be - side. We

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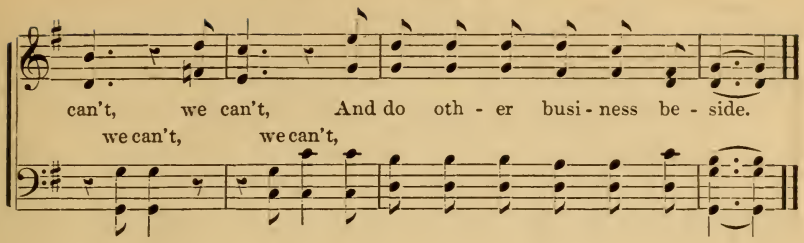
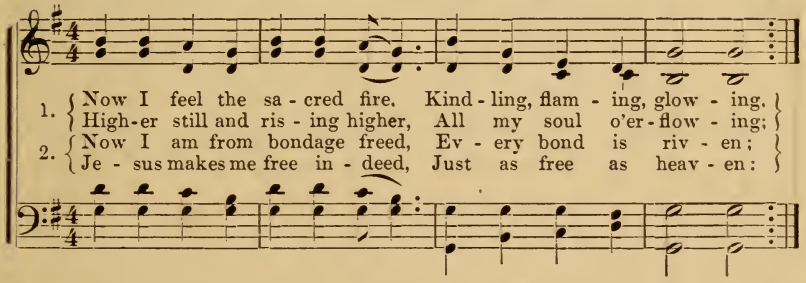
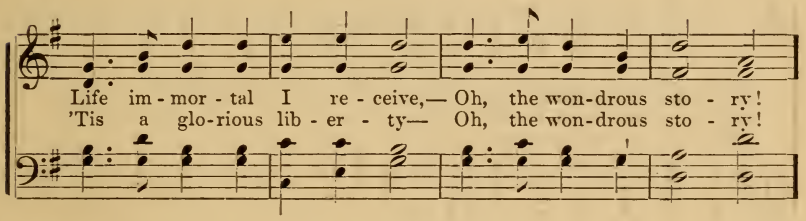
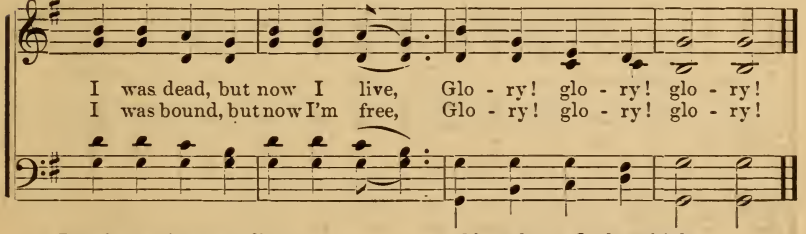


63. Now I Feel the Sacred Fire.







3 Let the testimony roll,
Roll through every nation;
Witnessing from soul to soul,
This immense salvation,
Now I know it's full and free;
Oh, the wondrous story!
For I feel it saving me,
Glory! glory! glory!

4 Glory be to God on high,
Glory be to Jesus!
He hath brought salvation nigh,
From all sin He frees us.
Let the golden harp of God
Ring the wondrous story;
Let the pilgrim shout aloud
Glory! glory! glory!

64. I'll Feed On Husks No More.

HENRY H. HADLEY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

1. O'er squander'd wealth and wasted years, In sin and fol - ly past,
2. For - sak - en, friendless, clothed in rags, And poor as poor can be;
3. I thought the world was what I dream'd, My heart obeyed its call;

A wretched starv-ing prod-i - gal A - woke to mourn at last.
To low-est me-nial service brought, A tyrant's slave was he:
But now I find its fleet-ing joys Are wormwood af - ter all.

He pressed his wea - ry throbbing brow, And thro' his tears he said,
He turned disgust - ed from the swine That he so long had fed;
Be warn'd, oh, gay and thoughtless ones, That to the whirlwind sow,

"I spurned the home I might have shar'd, And now I starve for bread."
"I can not from my Fa - ther stay," With firm resolve he said.
Let's has-ten back to Fa - ther now, He's coming; let us go.

CHORUS

I will a - rise, ... and go at once, My
I will a-rise, and go at once,

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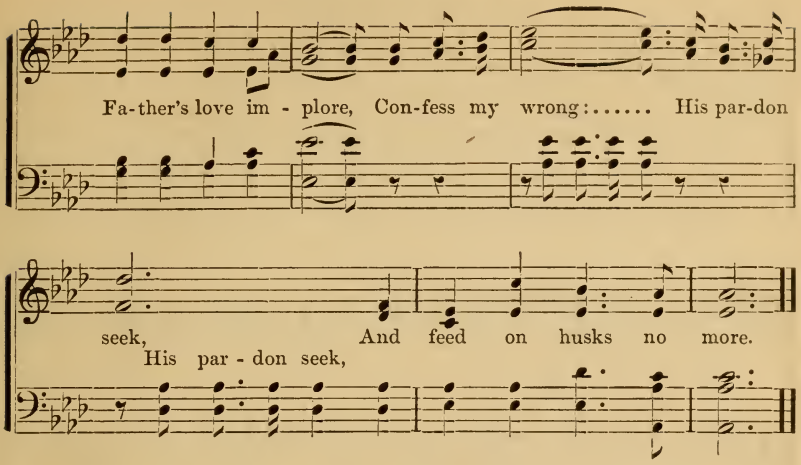
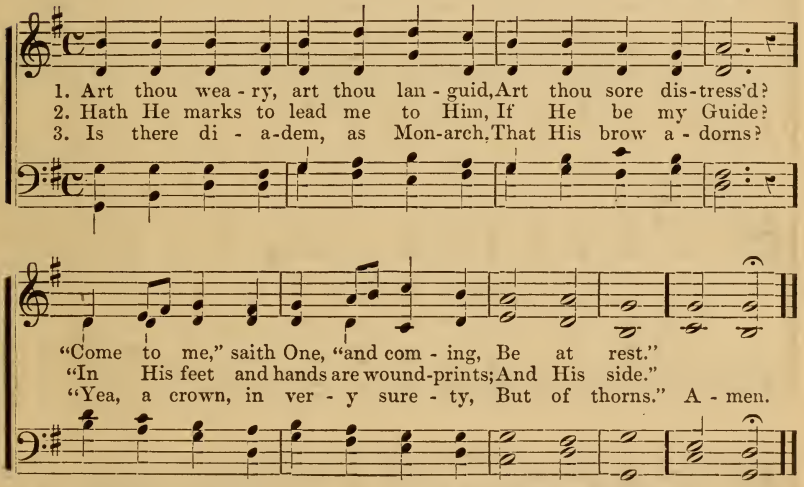
I'll Feed On Husks No More. Concluded.



65. Art Thou Weary.

STEPHANOS.



4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquish'd, labor ended,
Jordan pass'd."

6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away."

7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
"Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, Yes."

66. Mount Calvary.

Dedicated to L. P. Tibbals.

For "Rescue Songs." Words and Music by D. C. Wright.

Moderato.

1. O wondrous love what mer-cy giv'n, When Je-sus left His home in heaven
2. "I thirst," the suffering Sav-iour cried, Then bowed His gentle head and died;
3. Shall I His pre-cious love a-buse, And all His of-fered grace re-fuse?
4. A fount is o-pened in His side, Where I may ev-er-more a-bide;

To save from sin and set me free, My Je-sus died on Cal-va-ry.
All this my Je-sus did for me, While hanging on Mount Cal-va-ry.
No, I will give my-self to Thee, Thou spotless Lamb of Cal-va-ry.
The precious blood, it cleans-eth me, Thou bless-ed Lamb of Cal-va-ry.

REFRAIN.
Andante.

O Cal-va-ry, blest Cal-va-ry, Where Je-sus died in ag-o-ny;

O Cal-va-ry, dear Cal-va-ry, Where Je-sus died and set me free.

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67. Dear Jesus, Canst Thou Help Me?

Dedicated to S. H. Hadley.

FANNY J. CROSBY. (See No. 153.) WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

1. Dear Je - sus, canst Thou help me? My soul is full of woe;
2. I feel I am a sin - ner, And this my on - ly plea,
3. I've heard there is a foun-tain, Where cleansing wa - ters flow;
4. Thy blood doth fill that foun-tain, Thy blood so pure and free;
5. Dear Je - sus; lov - ing Sav - iour; Thou pre-cious dy - ing Lamb,

My heart is al - most break-ing, I've no-where else to go.
The sweet and blest as - sur - ance, That Thou hast died for me.
My sins though red like crim - son, May now be white as snow.
That blood a - vailed for oth - ers, And now a - vails for me.
While here my faith is plead - ing, Now take me as I am.

CHORUS.

I've no - where else to go, Dear Je - sus, but to Thee,

f. *Fine.*

And so I lift my voice and cry, Have mer-cy, Lord, on me.

D. S.—so I lift my voice and cry, Have mer - cy, Lord, on me.

f *p*

Have mer-cy, Lord, on me, Have mer - cy, Lord, on me. And

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68. Swing Low, Sweet Chariot.

Southern Song and Melody.

Swing low, sweet char - i - ot, Com-ing for to car - ry me home,

Fine.

Swing low, sweet char - i - ot, Com-ing for to car - ry me home.

1. I looked o - ver Jor - dan, and what did I see,
2. If you get there be - fore I do,

Com-ing for to car - ry me home? A band of an - gels
Com-ing for to car - ry me home, Tell all my friends I'm

D.C.

com-ing af - ter me, Com - ing for to car - ry me home.
com - ing too, Com - ing for to car - ry me home.

3 The brightest day that ever I saw,
Coming for to carry me home,
When Jesus washed my sins away,
Coming for to carry me home.
Swing low, etc.

4 I'm sometimes up and sometimes down,
Coming for to carry me home,
But still my soul feels heavenly bound,
Coming for to carry me home.
Swing low, etc.

From "Jubilee Songs," by permission of Biglow & Main.

69 For you and for me.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

Very Slow. pp *m*

1. Soft - ly and tenderly Je-sus is calling, Calling for you and for me;
2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. Oh, for the wonderful love he has promis'd, Promis'd for you and for me,

See on the portals he's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we linger and heed not his mercies, Mercies for you and for me.
Shadows are gath'ring, death beds are coming, Coming for you and for me.
Though we have sinn'd, he has mercy and pardon, Pardon for you and for me.

m *CHORUS.* *cres.*

Come home,.. Come home,.. Ye who are weary, come home...

come home, come home,

pp *ppp* *rit.* *pp*

Earnestly, tenderly, Je-sus is calling, Calling, O sinner, come home!

By permission of W. L. THOMPSON, East Liverpool, O.

70. Take the Whole Armour.

(Ephesians 6: 13.)

FANNY J. CROSBY. Dedicated to L. A. S. E. E. NICKERSON.

1. Oh, take to yourselves the whole armour of God, For great is the con - flict, with - out, with - in; But wield-ing the sword of the Spir - it di - vine, Go for - ward to con-quer the hosts of sin.
2. Why fear ye the tempt-er? why dread ye his pow'r? Tho' le - gions may ral - ly your ranks to brave; Yet wear-ing the breast-plate of truth and right, Look up-ward to Je - sus, whose arm will save.
3. Sal - va - tion your hel - met, no dan-ger can harm, Tho' ar - rows a- round you are fall - ing fast; If shod are your feet with the gos - pel of peace, The day will be yours when the war is past.
4. Then take to yourselves the whole armour of God, Nor yield to the tempt-er the small - est spot, The end is ap - proach-ing, your tri-umph is near, A crown will be giv - en if faith fail not.

REFRAIN.

Oh, take to yourselves the whole ar-mour of God, March on - ward to bat - tle, a - way! a - way! Oh, take to yourselves the whole

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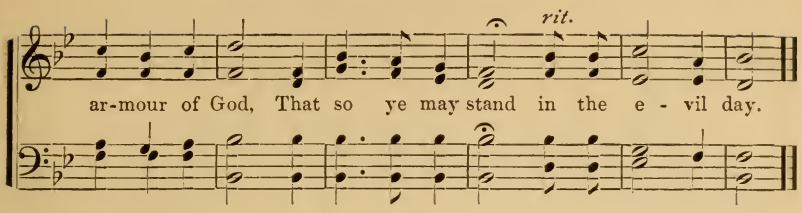
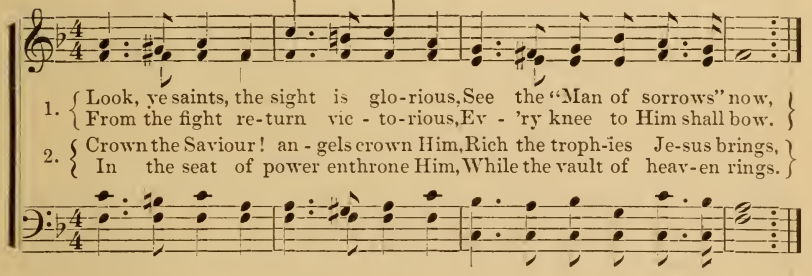
Take the Whole Armour. Concluded.

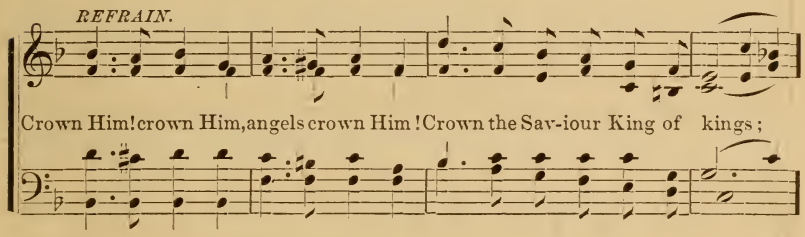


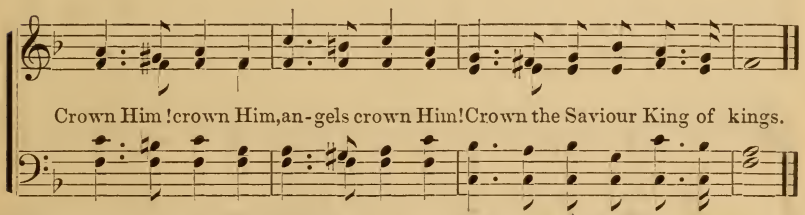
71. Crown Him.

"Thou hast crowned him with glory and honor."

Rev. Thos. Kelly. (Psalm 8: 5.) Arr. by Geo. G. Stebbins. By per.







3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim,
Saints and angels crowd around Him,
Own His title, praise His name.

4 Hark! the bursts of acclamation!
Hark! these loud, triumphant chords,
Jesus takes the highest station,
Oh, what joy the sight affords!

72. Don't Sell My Father Rum.

Selected. From "Heart Melodies," by per. H. H. Snow.

1. Don't sell him an - oth-er drink, please, Sir, He's reel - ing al-
2. Why don't you have something to sell, Sir, That will not make

read-y, you see; I fear when he comes home to-night, Sir, He'll
peo-ple so sad; That will not make dear mother grieve, Sir, And

beat my poor mother and me. She's wait-ing in darkness and
kind fa - thers cru - el and bad? Ah, me! it is hard, and I

cold, Sir, And dreading to hear him come home; He treats us so
see, Sir, You're an - gry be-cause I have come; For-give a poor,

bad when he's drunk, Sir; O, don't sell him an - y more rum!
sad lit - tle girl, Sir; O, don't sell him an - y more rum!

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Don't Sell My Father Rum. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Please don't sell him an - y more, Sir, It makes us so sad and poor, Sir;

O, pit - y us now I implore, Sir; Don't sell my dear fa - ther more rum.

73. Rest for the Weary.

Rev. S. G. Harmer. Rev. Wm. McDonald.

1. In the Christian's home in glo - ry There re-mains a land of rest;
2. Pain or sickness ne'er shall en - ter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
3. Death it-self shall then be vanquished, And his sting shall be withdrawn:
4. Sing, oh, sing, ye heirs of glo - ry; Shout your tri-umph as you go;

There my Saviour's gone be - fore me, To ful - fil my soul's re-quest.
But in that ce - les - tial cen - tre, I a crown of life shall wear.
Shout for glad-ness, O ye ransomed! Hail with joy the ris - ing morn.
Zi - on's gates will o - pen for you, You shall find an entrance through.

CHORUS.

There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for the
On the oth - er side of Jor - dan, In the sweet fields of

wea - ry, There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for you—
E - den, Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you.

74. That Old, Old Story is True.

D. B. Watkins. E. O. Excell.

1. There's a won - der - ful sto - ry I've heard long a - go, 'Tis
2. They told of a be - ing so love - ly and pure, That
3. He a - rose and as - cend - ed to heav - en, we're told, Tri -
4. O that won - der - ful sto - ry I love to re - peat, Of

call'd "The sweet sto-ry of old;" I hear it so of - ten, wher -
came to the Earth to dwell, To seek for his lost ones, and
umph-ant o'er death and hell; He's pre - par - ing a place in that
peace and good will to men; There's no sto - ry to me that is

ev - er I go, That same old sto - ry is told; And I've
make them se - cure From death and the pow - er of hell; That
ci - ty of gold, Where loved ones for-ev - er may dwell. Where our
half so sweet, As I hear it a - gain and a - gain. He in -

thought it was strange that so of - ten they'd tell That sto-ry as if it were
he was despis'd, and with thorns he was crown'd, On the cross was extended to
kin-dred we'll meet, and we'll nev-er-more part, And O, while I tell it to
vites you to come—he will free-ly re-ceive, And this mes-sage he send-eth to

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That Old, Old Story is True. Concluded.

new; But I've found out the rea - son they loved it so well, That
view; But O, what sweet peace in my heart since I've found That
you, It is peace to my soul, it is joy to my heart, That
you, "There's a man - sion in glo - ry for all who be-lieve," That

REFRAIN.

old, old sto - ry is true. That old, old sto - ry is true, That
old, old sto - ry is true. That old, old sto - ry is true, That
old, old sto - ry is true. That old, old sto - ry is true, That
old, old sto - ry is true. That old, old sto - ry is true, That

It is true,

old, old sto - ry is true; But I've found out the rea - son they
old, old sto - ry is true; But O, what sweet peace in my
old, old sto - ry is true; It is peace to my soul, it is
old, old sto - ry is true; "There's a man - sion in glo - ry for

It is true,

loved it so well, That old, old sto - ry is true.
heart since I've found That old, old sto - ry is true.
joy to my heart, That old, old sto - ry is true.
all who be - lieve," That old, old sto - ry is true.

75. Sweet Peace, the Gift of God's Love.

P. B. By per. from "Crowning Glory," No. 1. P. BILHORN.

1. There comes to my heart one sweet strain, A glad and a joyous re - frain,
sweet strain, refrain,
2. By Christ on the cross peace was made, My debt by His death was all paid,
was made, all paid,
3. When Je-sus as Lord I had crowned, My heart with this peace did abound,
had crowned, abound,
4. In Je-sus for peace I a-bide, abide, And as I keep close to His side, His side,

I sing it a - gain and a - gain, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
No oth - er foun-da-tion is laid For peace, the gift of God's love.
In Him the rich blessings I found, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
There's nothing but peace doth be-tide, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

CHORUS.

Peace, peace, sweet peace! Won - der - ful gift from a - bove! a - bove! Oh,

won-der-ful, won-der - ful peace! Sweet peace, the gift of God's love!

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76. I Gave Up Nothing.

HENRY H. HADLEY. Arr. by H. H. H.

1. O how I love my Sav-iour, He keeps me night and day, "He's
2. For Him I gave up noth-ing, My love for sin has fled, Since
3. Now, brother, you are wea - ry, Come, go a-long with me. Lay

taken a-way the ap-pe-tite," He's ta-ken it to stay; I do not care to
Je - sus came and o'er my soul The light of mer-cy shed; I've no desire for
down your burden at the cross, And happy you will be; Come kneel with us in

drink nor swear, Or take things not my own: I want to live for Christ my, Lord, And
drink or cards. I would not touch the cup, From Je-sus I have all re-ceived, Yet
humble prayer, Now gather'd in His name, From Matthew eighteen, verse nineteen, His

CHORUS.

live for Him a-lone. O, my Saviour is my King, His love my tongue shall
I gave nothing up.
prom-ise we will claim.

rall. *tempo. rall. ad lib.*

sing, He is precious to me, For His blood makes me free, O glory to God, my King.

colla voce. *colla voce.*

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77. Since I Have Been Redeemed.

Dedicated to Dea. Geo. M. Woodward.

E. O. E. E. O. Excell. By per.

1. I have a song I love to sing, Since I have been redeemed, Of my Re-
2. I have a Christ that sat - is - fies, Since I have been redeemed, To do His
3. I have a Witness bright and clear, Since I have been redeemed, Dis-pell-ing
4. I have a joy I can't ex-press, Since I have been redeemed, All thro' His
5. I have a home prepared for me, Since I have been redeemed, Where I shall

CHORUS.

deemer, Saviour, King, Since I have been redeemed. Since I ..... have been re-
will my high-est prize, Since I have been redeemed.
ev-ery doubt and fear, Since I have been redeemed.
blood and righteousness, Since I have been redeemed.
dwell e - ter-nal - ly, Since I have been redeemed. Since I have been redeem'd, since

deemed, Since I have been redeemed, I will glory in His name, Since
I have been redeemed,

I ..... have been redeemed, I will glo-ry in the Saviour's name.
I have been redeemed, since I have been redeemed,

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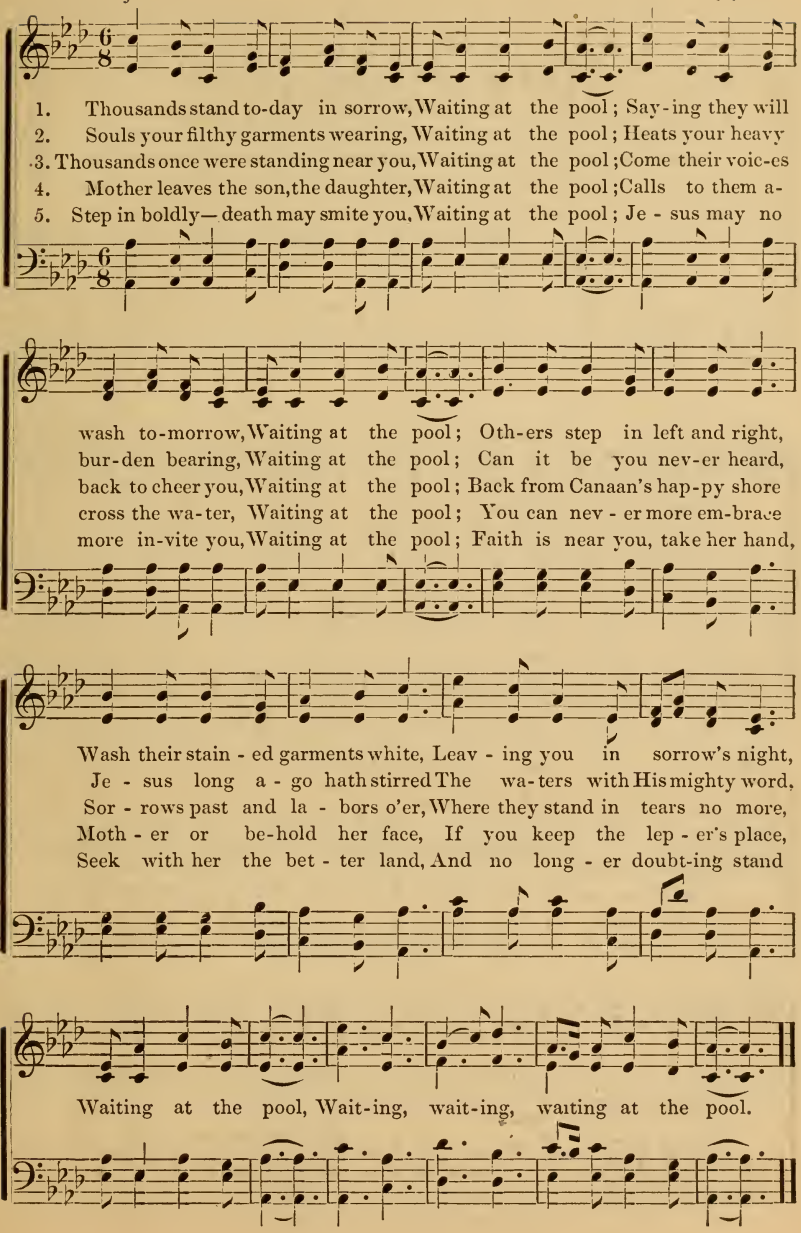
78. Waiting at the Pool.

Rev. A. J. Hough. Wm. G. Fischer. By per.



79. Keep Off Temptation Ground.

F. Lambert.

Henry H. Hadley. Chas. Carroll Sawyer.

1. A warn-ing voice, a sol-emn call, Keep off temp-ta-tion ground; With
2. Saloons their work may of-fer you, Keep off temp-ta-tion ground; Though
3. Take not the Saviour's name in vain, Keep off temp-ta-tion ground: From

trumpet tongue proclaims to all, Keep off temp-ta-tion ground; Ye
you may find it there to do, Keep off temp-ta-tion ground; Sin
ev-ery i-dle word refrain, Keep off temp-ta-tion ground; A-

precious souls, redeemed by grace, Keep off temp-ta-tion ground; O
says, "It pays to fol-low me," Keep off temp-ta-tion ground; Heed
void the thoughts and haunts of sin, Keep off temp-ta-tion ground; Let

Air by per. of S. Bainard's Sons Co.
Chorus by per. of J. W. Smith, Jr.

Copyright, 1890, by H. H. Hadley.

Keep Off Temptation Ground. Concluded.

turn from ev - ery e - vil place, Keep off temp-ta - tion ground.
Matthew, six and thir - ty - three, Keep off temp-ta - tion ground.
Je - sus reign su-preme with - in, Keep off temp-ta - tion ground.

CHORUS.

Though Sa - tan oft to you may say, "Come in, and look a - round;"

Yet Je - sus says, "I am the way," Keep off temp - ta - tion ground.

79½. I Own I'm Base.

1. Fa-ther, I stretch my hands to Thee, No oth-er help I know;

If Thou withdraw Thy-self from me, Ah! whith-er shall I go?

Cho. I own I'm base, I own I'm vile, But mer - cy all my plea;
Re - mem-ber, Lord, Thy dy - ing groans, Re - mem-ber Cal - va - ry!
Re - mem-ber, Lord, Thy dy - ing groans, And then re-mem-ber me.

80. What's the News.

Words arranged by W. H. G. To Mrs. A. A. A. Rev. W. H. Geistweit.

1. Whene'er we meet we always say, "What's the news? Pray what's the
2. God has pardoned all my sin, That's the news! I feel the
3. And now if a - ny one should say, What's the news? O tell him
4. Wea - ry pilgrim, hear the call, Bless - ed news! Christ Je- sus

or - der of the day, What's the news?" His work's re - viv - ing
wit - ness deep with- in, That's the news! And since he took my
you've be - gun to pray, That's the news! That you have joined the
came to save us all, That's the news! He died to set poor

all a- round, And sin - ners hear the gos - pel sound, Re-
sins a - way, And taught me how to watch and pray, I'm
conqu'ring band, And now with joy at God's command, You're
sin - ners free, That we from death might ran - somed be, And

joic- ing in a Saviour found, That's the news! That's the news!
hap - py now from day to day, That's the news! That's the news!
marching to the bet - ter land, That's the news! That's the news!
with him reign e - ter - nal - ly, That's the news! That's the news!

Copyright, 1888, by John J. Hood.

From Temple Themes and Songs, by per. J. J. Hood., Phila., Pa.

81. Rest in the Lord.

Dedicated to Dr. and Mrs. Owen.

IDA L. REED. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Rest in the Lord and pa - tient - ly wait; Be-lieve on His word, His
2. Rest in the Lord and grieve not, nor fret; Thy works He'll re-ward, He
3. Rest in the Lord, He'll calm all thy fears; He'll bear all thy bur - dens,

mer - cy is great; Rest in His love and fear not, for He, Tho'
can - not for - get; Rest in His love and fear not, for He, Tho'
dry all thy tears; Rest in His love and fear not, for He, Tho'

CHORUS.

dark be the hour, thy ref - uge shall be. Rest in the
dark be the hour, thy ref - uge shall be.
dark be the hour, thy ref - uge shall be. Rest in the Lord,

Lord, And pa - - tient-ly wait,
Rest in the Lord, Pa-tient-ly wait, Pa-tient-ly wait,

rit.

Rest in the Lord, His mer - - cy is great.....
Rest in the Lord Rest in the Lord, His mercy is great, His mercy is great.

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82. Willing Workers.

To the "willing worker" in the Rescue Volunteers of America.

IDA L. REED. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Onward, Res-cue Vol-un-teers, Who to God be-long, Serve Him now with glad - ness, And with pray'r and song, For His love is faith-ful, and His promise true; In the world a - bout us there is much to do.
2. Onward, Res-cue Vol-un-teers, Do-ing what we can For the Mas-ter's glo - ry, Till He comes a - gain. In His field we'll la - bor, in His cause we'll pray; Lead the lost to Je - sus, on our pil-grim way.
3. Onward, Res-cue Vol-un-teers, Now and ev - er be What the Lord would have us, Serve Him faith - ful - ly; All our tal-ents give Him for we are His own, La - bor for His glo - ry, and for His a - lone.

f CHORUS. *f*

Forward, workers, to your vows be true; Great the harvest, la-bor-ers are few!
God hath called us, We His voice have heard, Go forward, workers for the Lord.

rit.

Copyright, 1890, by W. A. OGDEN.

83. "Try Him for Twenty-four Hours."

HENRY H. HADLEY. Arranged for "Rescue Songs."

1. Who will come to Christ the Lord? Who will trust His pre-cious word?
2. Who will ask His aid di-vine? Who the fa-tal cup re-sign?

Who the ar-mor on will gird?—"On-ly for a day?"
Who will say, "The Lord is mine?"—"On-ly for a day?"

Who for right will make a start? Who to Je-sus give your heart?
Who from words profane will cease? Who will tread the path of peace?

Who will choose the bet-ter part?—"Try Him for a day?"
Who from sin will find re-lease?—"Try Him for a day?"

3 Who will take the Saviour's hand?
Who will join our Royal band?
Who obey the Lord's command,
"Only for a day?"
Who will view Him on the tree?
Who will say "He died for me"?
Who will take salvation free?—
"Take it *now*, *to-day*."

4 If where healing waters flow,
You His tender love could know,
You would *never* let Him go,—
Never for a day.
If you now for Him decide:
In His mercy if you hide,
You will want no other guide—
Never, for a day.

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84. "Please Let My Mother Go."

Solo for "Rescue Songs."

FANNY CROSBY. THEO. E. PERKINS.

1. With - in a court-room's crowd-ed walls, Where many a case was tried,
2. "Not now, not now," the Judge replies, "Oh! would it were not true,
3. A sigh es-caped the Judge's breast, He felt his pit - y move,
4. "E-nough, enough," the Judge replied, "Your moth-er I for - give,

A slen - der boy with grace-ful mein, Drew near the Judge's side;
But moth - er is a slave to drink, She must not go with you;"
"What can *she* do for him," he said, "Which thus in-spires his love?"
And from this les - son may she learn A bet - ter life to live;"

And, look-ing up with pleading eyes, He said, thro' tears of woe,
"My mother?" sobbed the trembling boy, "I'm sure it can - not be!
Oh, cru - el fate that one so young, Such bit - ter grief should know;
But ere the boy could speak his thanks For what the Judge had done,

That fell like raindrops on his cheeks, "Please let my mother go."
She does so ma - ny, ma - ny things, And works so hard for me."
None could re - sist that sweet ap-peal, "Please let my moth-er go."
That moth-er in her arms had clasp'd, And weeping, held her son.

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85. 'Tis Some Mother's Child.

FRANCIS L. KEELER. I. BALTZELL.

DUET.

1. At home or abroad, in the al - ley or street, Whereve - er I chance in the wide world to meet A girl that is thoughtless, a boy that is wild, My heart ech-oes soft - ly—'tis some moth-er's child.
2. And when I see those o'er whom long years have roll'd, Whose hearts have grown hardened, whose spir - its are cold; Be it wom - an all fall - en, or man all de-filed, A voice whispers sad-ly—'tis some moth-er's child.
3. No mat - ter how far from the right she hath stray'd, No mat - ter what in - roads dis-hon - or hath made; No mat - ter what el - e-ments cankered the pearl—Tho' tarnished and sullied, she's some moth-er's girl.
4. No mat - ter how way-ward his foot-steps have been; No mat - ter how deep he is sunk - en in sin; No mat - ter how low is his standard of joy,—Tho' guilty and loathsome, he's some moth-er's boy.
5. That head hath been pil-lowed on ten - der-est breast; That form hath been wept o'er, those lips have been pressed; That soul hath been pray'd for in tones sweet and mild; For her sake deal gent-ly with some moth-er's child.

REFRAIN.

'Tis some mother's child! 'Tis some mother's child! For her sake deal gently with some moth-er's child, For her sake deal gent-ly with some mother's child.

From "Holy Voices," by per.

86. Backward, Turn Backward.

F. J. V. ERNEST LESLIE.

With feeling.

1. "Backward, turn backward, oh, time in your flight," Bring me my sun - ny days hap-py and bright, Give me my home and the dear ones a - gain, Make me the in - no-cent child I was then.
2. O - ver my life hangs a cold chil - ly blight, I am an out - cast and homeless to-night; Dreading the e - vil, I can - not re-strain, Lured by the tempt-er to sor - row and pain.
3. Sav - iour, I come and Thy promise I plead, Hear in Thy pit - y and help Thou my need, Lead to the fount where the wea - ry may go, Cleanse Thou and make me as pure as the snow.

O, for a mo-ment to kneel and to pray, Close to my
Of - ten she told me that Je - sus would save, O will He
Then will the an - gels be glad when they sing: "One more re-

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Backward, Turn Backward. Concluded.

moth-er, who taught me to say, "Fa-ther, for-give me the
take me a poor wretched slave? Moth-er still whispers that
turn-ing to Je-sus the King." Moth-er will join in the

wrongs I have done, Fa-ther, for-give me thro' Je-sus Thy Son."
if I be-lieve, Par-don thro' Je-sus I yet may re-ceive.
song when she hears, "Saved is the boy that has wan-dered for years."

87. I'm Going Home to Die No More.

Wm. Hunter, D. D. Arranged for this work.

1. { My heav'nly home is bright and fair; Nor pain, nor death can en-ter there: }
{ Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun outshine; That heav'nly man-sion shall be mine. }

Cho. { I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home to die no more! }
{ To die no more, to die no more: I'm go-ing home to die no more! }

2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky:
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

3 While here, a stranger far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam;
Although like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure.

4 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow;
Be mine a happier lot to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.

5 Then fail this earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
All nature sink and cease to be,
That heavenly mansion stands for me.

88.

Rescue Song.

To all Rescue Workers.

W. A. O. W. A. OGDEN, by per.

Spirited.

1. Oh, brother, with a will-ing heart Go for-ward in the fight.
2. Go tell of par-don full and free To sin-ners all un-done;
3. And, sin-ner, hear the message which The Lord hath sent to thee;

To res-cue from the jaws of death, And sin's pol-lut-ing blight,
Go tell what God hath done for thee, Thro' His own bless-ed Son,
Ac-cept the par-don which He gives, And from your bon-dage flee;

The souls of men whom Je-sus loves, Go for-ward and re-claim,
And say to men de-filed by sin, That Christ a-lone can save;
An-oth-er week may be too late, An-oth-er day or hour;

With ex-hor-ta-tion and the Word. Go for-ward in His Name.
Can snatch them as a burn-ing brand From death and from the grave.
Lo! Je-sus He can save you now By His al-might-y power.

CHORUS.

1, 2. Go for-ward, go for-ward, For-ward with His Word,
3. *Can save you, can save you, By His might-y Word,*

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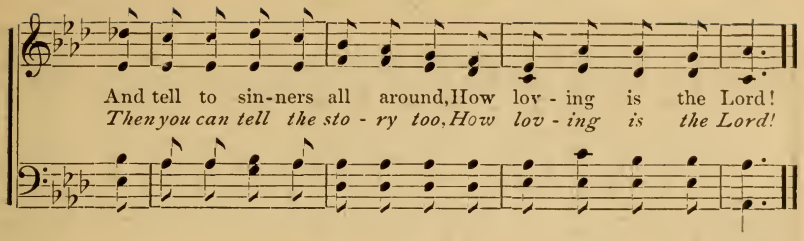
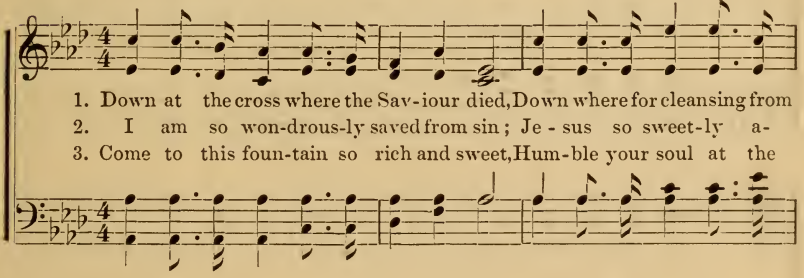
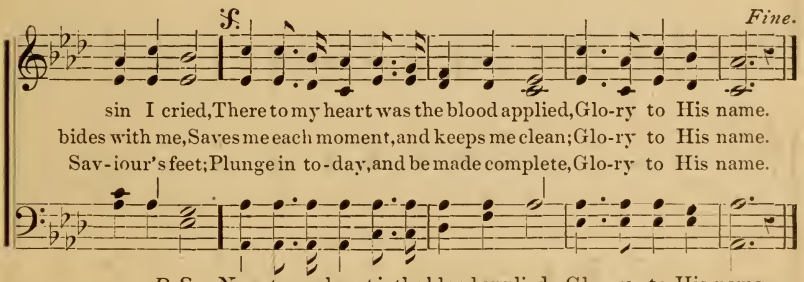
Rescue Song. Concluded.

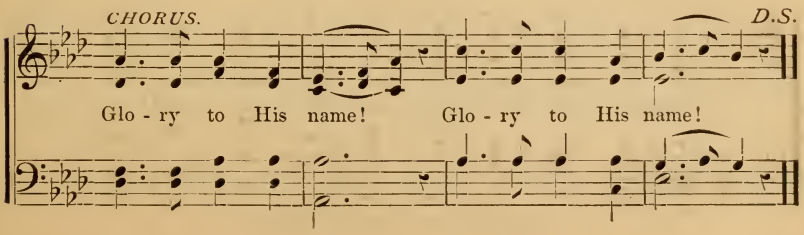


89. Glory to His Name.

E. A. Hoffman. By per. Psa. 63: 4. Rev. J. H. Stockton.







90. Rescue The Sinner.

R. K. C. R. Kelso Carter.

1. Rescue the sinner, go and res-cue the lost, Help for the sinking soul,
2. Rescue! my brother, let the glad echoes roll, Come now to Je-sus and find
3. Rescue! my brother, there is rescue from drink, Je - sus will save you from

D.C—Rescue the sinner, go and rescue, etc., etc.

faint, tempest-tossed; Hope for the hopeless and life o'er the grave,—Je-sus is
rest for your soul; Peace in believing, and power o - ver sin, Come to the
hell's ver - y brink; Hark to the sto-ry, oh! 'tis faithful and true,—Je-sus of

Fine. CHORUS.

call-ing you, Je - sus will save. Stand by to res-cue! stand by to save!
cross, and be made pure within.
Naz - a - reth once died for you.

Souls that are sinking down un - der the wave; Throw out the life-line,

D.C.

Shout o'er the flood, Oh! brother, look to Je - sus, be washed in the blood:

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91. Abiding.

Words by CHAS. B. J. ROOT.

Melody by D. C. WRIGHT.
Air. by R. K. CARTER.

1. A-bid-ing, oh, so wondrous sweet! I'm rest - ing at the Saviour's feet;
2. He speaks, and by his word is giv'n His peace, a rich foretaste of heav'n!
3. I live; not I through him alone, By whom the migh-ty work is done,
4. Now rest, my heart, the work is done, I'm sav'd thro' the E - ter-nal Son!

I trust in him, I'm sat - is-fied, I'm rest-ing in the cru - ci-fied!
Not as the world he peace doth give, 'Tis thro' this hope my soul shall live.
Dead to myself, a - live to him, I count all loss his rest to gain.
Let all my pow'rs my soul employ, To tell the world my peace and joy.

CHORUS.

A - bid - - ing, a - bid - - ing, oh! so wondrous sweet!....

wondrous sweet!

A-bid-ing in him, I'm resting in him, oh! so wondrous sweet!

I'm rest - - ing, rest - - ing At the Saviour's feet.....

at his feet.

I'm resting in him, resting in him, At the Sav-iour's feet.....

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92. "Overcomers."

"I have written unto you, young men, because ye are strong, and the word of God abideth in you, and ye have overcome the wicked one."—I. John 2: 14.
"And they overcame by the blood of the Lamb."—Rev. 12: 11.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

QUESTION.

1 John 5: 5, 4. 1. Who, who is he? Who, who is He? Who, who is he that o - ver - com - eth by the blood of the Lamb? He that be- lieveth and is born of God, He that be - liev - eth and is born of God, He that be - liev - eth and is

Rev. 3: 5. 2. What shall he wear? What shall he wear? What shall he wear that o - ver - com - eth by the blood of the Lamb? He shall be- clothed in rai - ment white, He shall be clothed in rai - ment white, He shall be cloth - ed in

Rev. 2: 7. 3. What shall he eat? What shall he eat? What shall he eat that o - ver - com - eth by the blood of the Lamb? He shall eat of the tree of life, He shall eat of the tree of life, He shall eat of the

Rev. 3: 12. 4. What shall he be? What shall he be? What shall he be that o - ver - com - eth by the blood of the Lamb? He shall be a pi - lar in the temple of God, He shall be a pil - lar in the temple of God, He shall be a pil - lar in the

RESPONSE.

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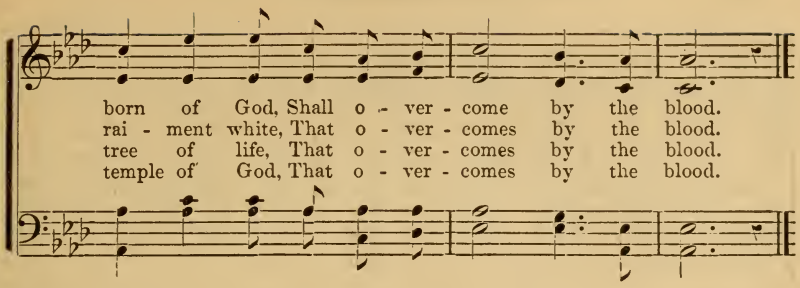
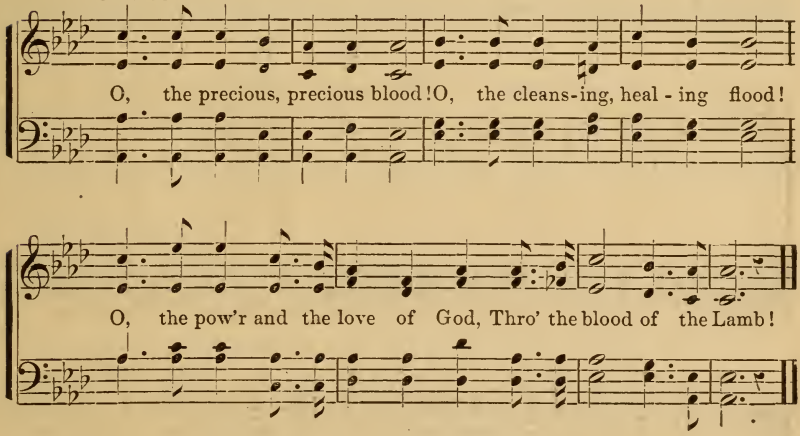
"Overcomers." Concluded.



CHORUS.



5

Rev. 3: 5. ||: What shall he hear? :|| that overcometh
By the blood of the Lamb?
||: He shall hear his name con-|fessed in heaven, :||
That overcomes by the blood.

6

Rev. 21: 7. ||: What shall he have? :|| that overcometh
By the blood of the Lamb?
||: God wlll give him all things, and|make him His son, :||
That overcomes by the blood.

7

Rev. 3: 21. ||: Where shall he sit? :|| that overcometh
By the blood of the Lamb?
||: He shall sit with|Jesus, on His throne, :||
That overcomes by the blood.

8

1 John 5: 4. || :What is the victory? :|| that overcometh
By the blood of the Lamb?
||: Faith is the victory that|overcometh :||
By the blood of the Lamb.

93. The Sinner and the Song.

W. L. T. Dedicated to R. H. McCann. WILL L. THOMPSON.

SOLO.

ORGAN.

1. A sinner was wand'ring at even - tide, His tempter was watching close by at his side, In his heart raged a bat - tle for right against wrong, But hark! from the church he hears the sweet song.

2. He stopped and listened to ev'ry sweet chord, He remembered the time he once loved the Lord, Come on! says the tempt-er, come on with the throng, But hark! from the church a - gain swells the song,

pp QUARTET.

1. Je - sus lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bos - om fly,

2. While the bil-lows near me roll, While the tempest still is high,

SOLO.

ORGAN.

Oh, tempter de-part, I have served thee too long, I fly to the

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The Sinner and the Song. Concluded.

Sav-ior he dwells in that song, Oh, Lord can it be that a-

sin-ner like me, May find a sweet refuge by com-ing to thee?

pp Quartet.

Oth-er ref-uge have I none; Hangs my help-less soul on thee.

Solo.

Organ.

I come, Lord I come, Thou'lt for-give the dark past, And

pp Quartet.

O, re-ceive my soul at last.....

94. Happy Tidings.

LIZZIE EDWARDS. JNO. R. SWENEY. By per.

1. Tidings, hap-py tidings, Hark! hark! the sound! Hear the joy-ful ech - o
2. Tidings, hap-py tidings, Hark! hark! they say, Do not slight the warning,
3. Tidings, hap-py tidings, Hark! hark! a - gain! Rushing o'er the mountain,

Thro' the world resound; Christ, the Lord, proclaims them, Hear and heed the call;
Come, O come to - day: Christ, our loving Sav-iour, Still repeats the call—
Sweep-ing o'er the plain; On-ward goes the message, 'Tis the Saviour's call:

REFRAIN.

Come ye starving ones that perish, Room, room for all. Who-so-ev-er ask-eth,
Come ye wea-ry, hea-vy-la-den, Room, room for all.
Come, for ev - 'ry-thing is ready, Room, room for all.

Je-sus will receive; Whosoever thirsteth, Je-sus will relieve: See the liv-ing

waters, Flowing full and free; O the blessed who-so-ev-er, That means me.

From "Songs of Triumph."

95. **I Will Follow Jesus.**

As Sung by MAUD SCOTT. E. E. NICKERSON.

1. Down in the val-ley with my Saviour I would go, Where the flow'rs are
2. Down in the val-ley with my Saviour I would go, Where the storms are
3. Down in the val-ley, or up - on the mountain steep, Close be-side my

blooming, and the sweet wa-ters flow; Ev-'ry-where he leads me, I would
sweeping, and the dark wa-ters flow; With his hand to lead me, I will
Sav-iour would my soul ev - er keep; He will lead me safe-ly in the

fol - low, fol - low on, Walk-ing in his footsteps till the crown be won.
nev - er, nev - er fear: Dan-gers can-not fright me if my Lord is near.
path that he has trod, Up to where they gath-er on the hills of God.

CHORUS.

Follow, follow, I will follow Jesus; Anywhere, everywhere, I will follow on:

Follow, follow, I will follow Jesus; Ev'rywhere he leads me I will follow on.

96. Submission.

FRANK O. WELLCOME.

Andante. *dim. and rit.*

m *p*

1. Since a Fa-ther's arm sus-tains thee, Peace-ful be;
2. With-out mur-mur, un-com-plain-ing, In His hand
3. Fear-est some-times that thy Fa-ther Hath for-got?

m *dim. and rit.* *p*

When a chasten-ing hand re-strains thee, It is He.
Leave what-ev-er things thou canst not Un-der-stand.
Though the storms around thee gath-er, Doubt Him not.

mf

Know His love in full com-plete-ness, Feel the meas-ure of thy
Though the world thy spir-it spurn-eth, From thy faith in pit-y
Al-ways hath the daylight brok-en, Al-ways hath He comfort

m *dim. and rit.* *p*

weak-ness; If He wound thy spir-it sore, Trust Him more.
turn-eth, Peace thy in-most soul shall fill, Ly-ing still.
spok-en, Bet-ter hath He been for years Than thy fears.

4 Therefore whatsoe'er betideth,
Night or day,
Know His love for thee provideth
Good alway.
Crown of sorrows gladly taking,
For His sake all else forsaking,
Sweetly bending to His will,
Patient—still.

5 To His own the Saviour giveth
Daily strength;
And to each heart that believeth,
Joy at last.
For the lambs the Shepherd careth,
In His bosom them He beareth:
While thus folded to His breast,
They may rest.

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97. God's Promises.

Words by Mrs. Mary D. James. 2 Peter 1 : 4. Music by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. O, gra - cious prom-is - es of God! Each one a price - less gem!
2. No fail - ure in His prom-is - es, But stead - fast, firm and sure!
3. Be - liev - ing them, the Spir-it's pow'r Re-news and pu - ri - fies,

The rich - est diamonds of the earth Are naught compar'd to them.
The Word of our un-chang-ing God For - ev - er shall en - dure.
Thro' Christ's all-cleansing, precious blood, Our per - fect sac - ri - fice.

Most bless - ed boon to mor - tals giv'n, To cheer life's drear-y way;
Tho' heav'n and earth shall pass a - way, And all we love may die,
O, glo - rious leg-a - cy of heav'n, So rich, so vast and free,

Fine.

Bright lights let down to show the path To ev - er - last - ing day.
God's prom - is - es to us re - main,— On these we may re - ly.
These pre-cious prom-is - es di - vine, Se - cur - ing all to me.

D. S. these I'm rich, with these se-cure, While end-less a - ges roll.

D.S.

Sweet prom-is-es! God's prom-is-es! Dear treasures of my soul; With

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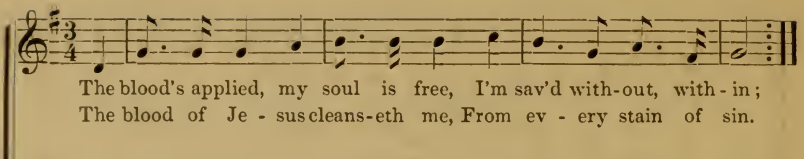
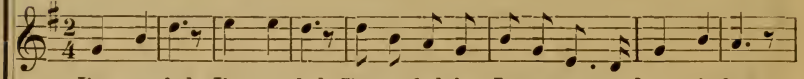
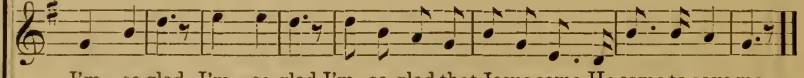
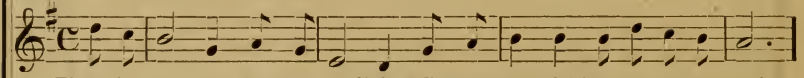
98. Medley of Choruses.

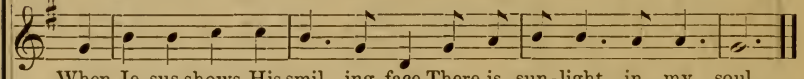
CAPT. R. KELSO CARTER.



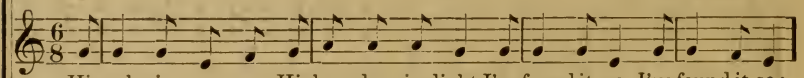


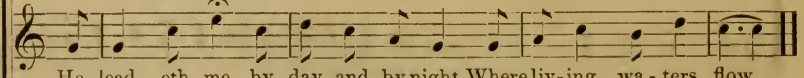


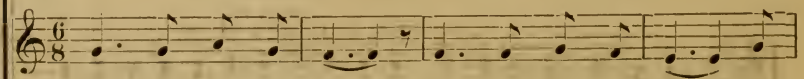


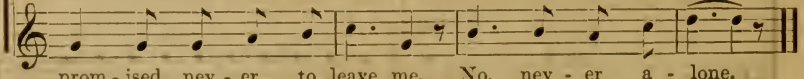


R. E. HUDSON.









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99. The Shepherd of The Sheep.

R. K. C. R. Kelso Carter.

1. The Shepherd of the sheep came down On rap - id wings of love;
2. Thro' night and storm he sought his sheep, The raging torrents crossed;
3. Where lightnings glare, and thunders roll, Thro' heavens vaulted dome;
4. Then give the winds a mighty voice, The gos - pel call to sound;

He laid a - side his King - ly crown His wondrous love to prove.
He climbed the mountain's rocky steep To seek and save the lost.
The voice of Je - sus reached my soul, He bore me safe - ly home.
For an - gels round the throne re - joice, Be - cause the lost is found.

CHORUS.

Hear him calling! Loudly calling! How it echoes from the mountains rocky steep,
calling! calling!

poco rit.

Hear him calling! sweetly calling! 'Tis the Shepherd, 'tis the Shepherd of the sheep.
calling! calling!

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100. I'll Bear It, Lord, For Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Suggested by the personal testimony of H. H. HADLEY, who was converted July 28, 1886, at the old Jerry McAuley Water St. Mission.

1. I longed to be a child of God, And do my Sav-iour's will;
2. The cloud was lift - ed from my soul, My bur - den rolled a - way;
3. I heard a gen - tle voice with-in— A whis - per soft and mild;

And yet the sin that most I feared, I knew un - con-quered still.
The light of joy a - round me shed, A calm and heavenly ray.
"Thy sin was can-celled by His blood, Who owns thee for His child."

"Dear Lord," I said,—for as I knelt I saw Him on the tree—
"Dear Lord," I said, "I praise thy name For thy rich grace to me;
"Dear Lord," I said, "the work is thine, And thine the glo - ry be.

"This heav - y bur - den on my heart, I'll glad - ly bear for thee."
My load is gone and now I rest, In per-pect peace with thee."
My life, my soul, my ev - ery pow'r, I con - se - crate to thee."

CHORUS.

So now for Him who died for me, I'm will - ing all to bear;

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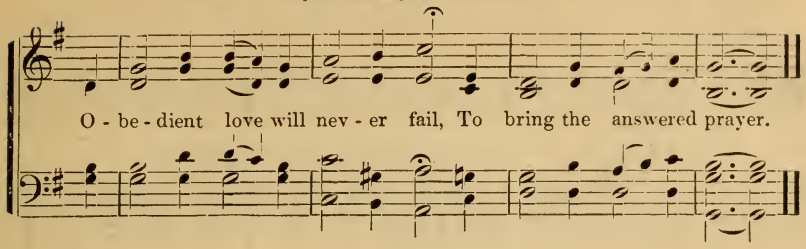
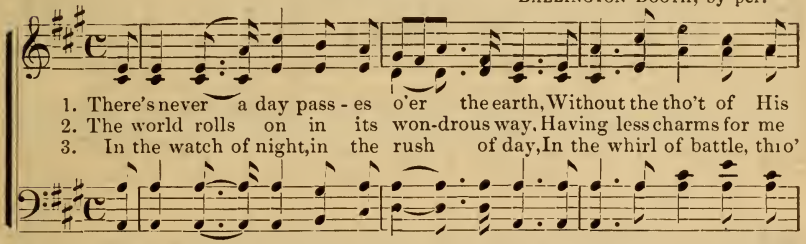
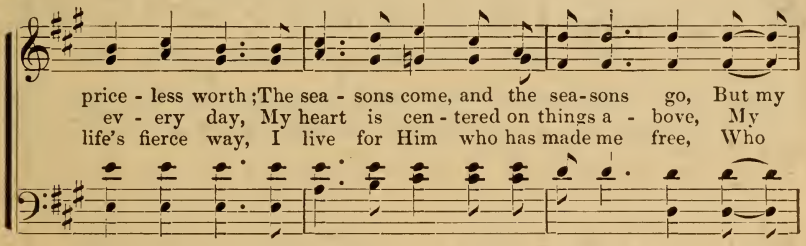
I'll Bear It, Lord, For Thee. Concluded.

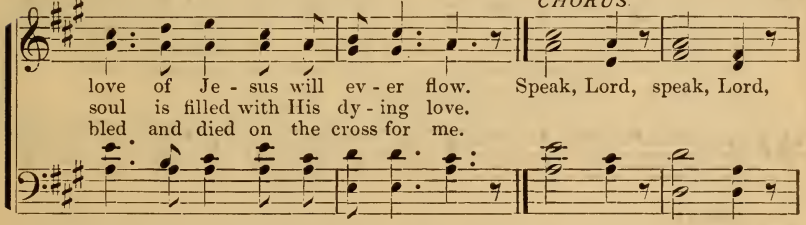


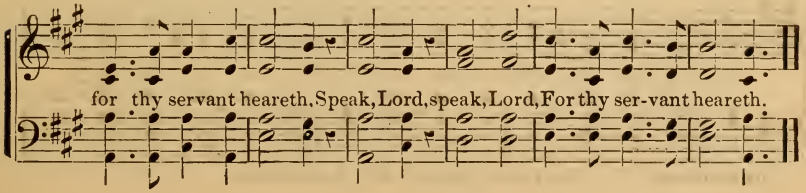
101. Speak, Lord.

BALLINGTON BOOTH, by per.









102. Shall We Meet.

In Memory of Jane Riddel; Wm. H. (2); Lucy Hopkins; Little Lizzie, Lillie and other loved ones.

H. L. Hastings. Elisha S. Rice.

1. Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er, Where the sur - ges cease to roll?
2. Shall we meet in that blest harbor, When our storm-y voy-age's o'er?

Fine.

Where, in all the bright for - ev - er, Sor-row ne'er shall press the soul?
Shall we meet and cast the an-chor, By the fair, ce - les - tial shore?

D.S.—Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, Where the sur-ges cease to roll?

CHORUS. *D.S.*

Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet beyond the riv-er?

3 Shall we meet in yonder city,
Where the towers of crystal shine?
Where the walls are all of Jasper,
Built by workmanship divine?

4 Where the music of the ransomed
Rolls its harmony around,
And creation swells the chorus
With its sweet melodious sound.

5 Shall we meet there many a loved one,
That was torn from our embrace?
Shall we listen to their voices,
And behold them face to face?

6 Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour,
When he comes to claim his own?
Shall we know His blessed favor,
And sit down upon His throne?

103. The Child of a King.

1 My Father is rich in houses and lands,
He holdeth the wealth of the world in His hands!
Of rubies and diamonds, of silver and gold
His coffers are full,—he has riches untold.

Cho.—I'm the child of a King,
The child of a King;
With Jesus my Saviour
I'm the child of a king.

2 My Father's own Son, who saves us from sin,
Once wandered o'er earth as the poorest [of men,
But now He is reigning forever on high,
And will give me a home in heaven by and by.

3 I once was an outcast stranger on earth,
A sinner by choice, an alien by birth!
But I've been adopted, my name's written down,—
An heir to a mansion, a robe, and a crown.

4 A tent or a cottage, why should I care?
They're building a palace for me over there! [sing:
Though exiled from home, yet, still I may
All glory to God; I'm the child of a King

104. Ring the Bells.

S. W. M. S. Wesley Martin, by per.

1. The Gospel bells are ringing, Over land from sea to sea; Blessed news of free sal-

va - tion Do they of - fer you and me. For God so loved the world That His

on-ly Son He gave; Whosoe'r be-liev-eth in Him Ev-er-last-ing life shall have.

CHORUS.

Gospel bells, how they ring! Gospel

Gospel bells, how they ring! Over land from sea to sea;

bells, free - ly bring,

Gos - pel bells free - ly bring Blessed news to you and me.

105. Entire Consecration.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. Chorus by W. J. K. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - crat-ed, Lord, to thee;
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau-ti - ful for thee;
3. Take my lips, and let them be Filled with mes-sag - es for thee;
4. Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in end-less praise;

Take my hands and let them move At the im-pulse of thy love.
Take my voice and let me sing Al- ways, on - ly, for my King.
Take my silv-ver and my gold,— Not a mite would I with-hold.
Take my in - tel-lect, and use Ev - 'ry power as thou shalt choose.

CHORUS.

{ Wash me in the Saviour's precious blood, the precious blood,
{ Cleanse me in its pu - ri-fy - ing flood, the heal-ing flood, } Lord, I give to

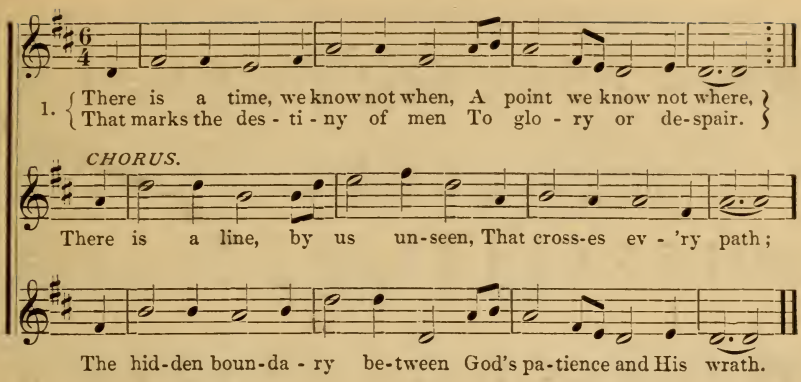
thee, my life and all, to be, Thine, henceforth, e - ter - nal - ly.

5 Take my will, and make it thine;
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart,—it is thine own,—
It shall be thy royal throne.

6 Take my love,—my Lord, I pour
At thy feet its treasure-store!
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for thee!

By permission.

106. There is a Time.



107. The First Psalm.

Sing to the Tune above.

1 How blest is he, who ne'er consents
By ill advice to walk,
Nor stands in sinner's ways, nor sits
Where men profanely talk;

2 But makes the perfect law of God,
His business and delight;
Devoutly reads therein by day,
And meditates by night.

3 Like some fair tree, which, fed by streams,
With timely fruit does bend;
He still shall flourish, and success
All his designs attend.

4 Ungodly men and their attempts,
No lasting root shall find;
Untimely, blasted and dispersed,
Like chaff before the wind.

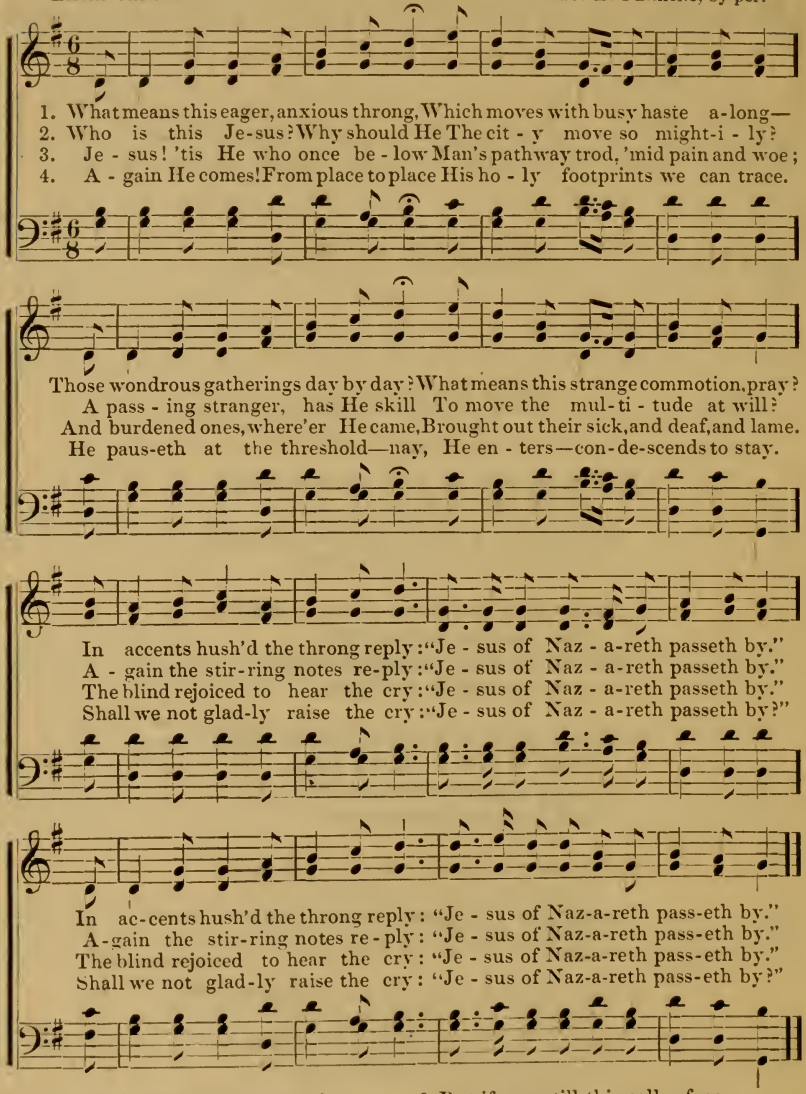
5 Their guilt shall strike the wicked dumb
Before their Judge's face;
No formal hypocrite shall then
Among the saints have place.

6 For God approves the just men's ways;
To happiness they tend;
But sinners and the paths they tread,
Shall both in ruin end.

108. Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By.

"*He heard that it was Jesus of Nazareth.*"—MARK 10: 47.

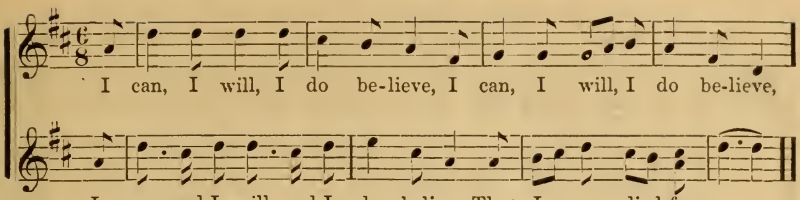
EMMA CAMPBELL. THEO. E. PERKINS, by per.



5 Ho! all ye heavy-laden, come!
Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home;
Ye wanderers from a Father's face,
Return, accept His proffered grace.
Ye tempted one, there's refuge nigh,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

6 But if you still this call refuse,
And all His wondrous love abuse,
Soon will He sadly from you turn,
Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn.
"Too late! too late!" will be the cry—
"Jesus of Nazareth *has passed by.*"

109. I Can, I Will, I Do Believe.



110. The Best of Books.

"First Hymn."

Arr. for "Rescue Songs." TUNE.—"Coronation."

1 Great God, with wonder and with praise,
On all Thy works I look:
But still Thy wisdom, power, and grace,
Shine brightest in Thy Book.

2 The stars that in their courses roll,
Have much instruction given;
But Thy good Word informs my soul,
How I may soar to heaven.

3 The fields provide me food, and show
The goodness of the Lord;
But fruits of life and glory grow
In Thy most Holy Word.

4 Here are my choicest treasures hid,
Here my best comfort lies;
Here my desires are satisfied,
And here my hopes arise.

5 Lord, make me understand Thy law;
Show what my faults have been;
And from Thy gospel let me draw,
Pardon for all my sin.

6 Here would I learn how Christ has died,
To save my soul from hell;
Not all the books on earth besides,
Such heavenly wonders tell.

7 Then let me love my Bible more,
And take a fresh delight,
By day to read those wonders o'er,
And meditate by night.

111. The King's Son.

Dedicated to Mrs. Margaret Bottome, Pres't King's Daughters and Sons.

FANNY J. CROSBY. *Written for "Rescue Songs."* JNO. R. SWENEY, by per.

1. Oh, I am a son through faith in The Name Of Je - sus my Sav-iour, a Broth - er who came To pur-chase sal- va - tion: the world to re-claim, And make me a son of the King.
2. No lon - ger an ex - ile I wan - der a - lone; My Sav - iour be-holds me, and now from His throne The Spir - it bears wit - ness that I am His own, His own son, a son of the King.
3. And this is the stand - ard that I must pur - sue, 'Till fin-ished the work that is left me to do; Be kind and for- giv - ing; be loy - al and true, And hon-or my Fa-ther the King.
4. My Fa - ther is gra - cious, His mer - cy is free; "Do good un - to oth - ers;" His mes - sage to me. And Oh! I am hap - py as hap-py can be, For I am a son of the King.

CHORUS.

A son of the King, a won - der - ful King, The heir to His glo - ry, His praise will I sing, A son of the King: a

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The King's Son. Concluded.

rit. - - - - *a tempo.*

won-der - ful King: Oh, I am a - dopt-ed, a son of the King.

112. Gather Them In.

F. J. Van Alstyne. Geo. C. Stebbins, by per.

1. Gather them in! for yet there is room At the feast that the King has spread;
2. Gather them in! for yet there is room; But our hearts—how they throb with pain,
3. Gather them in! for yet there is room; 'Tis a message from God a - bove;

Oh, gather them in—let His house be filled, And the hungry and poor be fed.
To think of the ma-ny who slight the call That may never be heard a-gain!
Oh, gather them in - to the fold of grace, And the arms of the Saviour's love!

REFRAIN.

Out in the highway, out in the by-way, Out in the dark paths of sin,

Go forth, go forth, with a lov - ing heart, And gather the wand'rers in!

Copyright, 1883, by Geo. C. Stebbins.

113. He Saves the Drunkard Too.

HENRY H. HADLEY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Our Saviour can the drunkard save, For he has res-cued me.
John 5 : 8. 2. While waiting at Beth-es - da's pool He made the lame to walk;
Matt. 12 : 13. 3. The withered hand his voice restored, And he the dam - sel raised.

John 9 : 25. One thing I know: I once was blind, But now, thank God, I see.
Luke 18 : 42. The beggar healed at Jer - i - cho, And caused the dumb to talk.
John 11 : 43. Call'd Lazarus forth, and they who saw Stood wond'ring and a - mazed.

Matt. 8 : 3. He once the kneeling leper cleansed, And gave him life a - new;
Luke 7 : 11. Then standing by the widow's son, Our pity - ing Lord we view.
Luke 22 : 51. He made the ear of Malchus whole—Strange thing was that to do:

f. *Fine.*

Mark 5 : 8. He put to flight the le-gion dark; He saves the drunkard too.
Luke 7 : 47. He sav'd poor Ma-ry Mag-da-lene; He saves the drunkard too.
Matt. 14 : 31. He rescued Pe - ter from the wave; He saves the drunkard too.

D. S.—once was blind, but now I see; He saves the drunk-ard too.

CHORUS. *D.S.*

He saves the drunkard too: He saves the drunkard too: I thank God!

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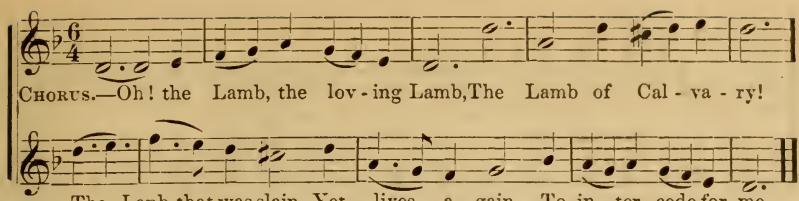
114. Oh! the Lamb.



114½ Look Not on the Rosy Wine.

Rev. Frank Bottome, D. D. — Air.—"Auld Lang Syne."

1 O look not on the rosy wine,
Touch not the sparkling bowl;
The honied sweetness to the lips
Is poison to the soul.

2 O look not on the feath'ry foam
That crowns the tankard's brim;
The symbol of the drunkard's home,
The sign of death to him.

3 O look not on the oily slime,
So quiet in the cup;
There lurks the hidden seeds of sin,
And hell to those who sup.

4 O look not on the treacherous smile
That lures thee to the spot
Where vice's skillful arts beguile
And virtue is forgot.

5 O look not on the open hand
That offers bribe or bait;
Behind the invitation bland
The crowns of sin await.

6 O look not on the lurid glare
That tempts unwary feet;
The laugh and wailing of despair
Across the threshold meet.

7 O look not, taste not, handle not,
Escape the fatal snare;
There's safety in the way of life,
And only safety there!

115. The Old Time Religion.

Southern Song and Melody.

It's the old time re - lig - ion, The old time re - lig - ion, The

old time re - lig - ion, And it's good e - nough for me.

1. It is good for the mourner, It is good for the mourner, It is
2. It will car - ry you to heaven, It will car - ry you to heaven, It will

good for the mourn - er, It is good e - nough for me.
car - ry you to heaven, It is good e - nough for me.

3 It brought me out of bondage, etc.
Cho.—It's the old time religion, etc.

4 It is good when you are in trouble, etc.
Cho.—It's the old time religion, etc.

5 It was good enough for Daniel, etc.
Cho.—It's the old time religion, etc.

6 It was good enough for mother, etc.
Cho.—It's the old time religion, etc.

7 It made me leave off drinking, etc.
Cho.—It's the old time religion, etc.

8 It is good when you are dying, etc.
Cho.—It's the old time religion, etc.

From "Jubilee Songs," by permission of Biglow & Main.

116. Jesus Took Me By the Hand.

"Jesus took him by the hand, and lifted him up."—MARK 9: 27.

ALICE M. LOWE. R. S. ROBSON, by per.

1. When my weary feet had wander'd, Far from God in paths of sin; And my fee-ble heart was
2. In my help-less-ness I murmured, Lord, have mercy on my soul; Break these chains of sin that
3. In the pres-ence of my Saviour, Sweetly resting at His feet; Sheltered from each storm and

crushing, 'Neath the weight of guilt with-in. To the world I looked for comfort, For I
bind me, Make my wounded spir - it whole. Then in love He smiled upon me, Bade me
dan-ger, Here I find my joy com-plete. All my grief is chang'd to gladness, All my

knew not where to fly; But a voice then sweetly whisper'd, Jesus now is pass-ing by.
lean up - on His breast; Saying, child, thou art for-giv - en, Freely will I give thee rest.
pain to pure delight; With my hand in His He guides me, Making all my pathway bright.

CHORUS.

Je - sus took me by the hand, Though my heart was full of sin;

Wash'd me in His pre-cious blood, Made me snow - y white with-in.

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117. Why I Love Jesus.

(As Sung by Col. Hadley.)

E. A. H. REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1–5. Would you know why I love Je - sus? Why He is so dear to me?

'Tis because from the chains of drunk-en-ness He stoop'd and set me free.
'Tis because the blood of Je - sus Ful-ly saves and cleanses me.
'Tis because, a - mid temp-ta - tion, He supports and strengthens me.
'Tis because in ev-'ry con - flict Je - sus gives me vic - to - ry.
'Tis because my Friend and Sav-iour He will ev - er, ev - er be.

CHORUS.

This is why..... I love my Je - - sus, This is
This is why I love my Je - sus, This is why I love Him so, This is

why..... I love Him so, He a-toned..... for my trans-
why I love my Je-sus, This is why I love Him so, He has pardon'd my transgressions, He has

gres - - sions, He has washed..... me white as snow.
pardoned my transgressions, He has wash'd me, He has made me white as snow, white as snow.

By permission.

118. The New "Over There."

W. A. Ogden.

1. They have reach'd the sun - ny shore, And will nev - er hun - ger more,
2. Now they feel no chill-ing blast, For their win - ter time is past,
3. They have fought the wea - ry fight, Je - sus saved them by His might,

All their grief and pains are o'er, O - ver there; And they need no lamp by night,
And their summers always last, O - ver there; They can nev - er know a fear,
Now they dwell with Him in light, Over there; Soon we'll reach the shining strand,

D. S.—All their streets are shining gold,

Fine.

For their day is always bright, And their Saviour is their light, O - ver there.
For the Saviour's always near, And with them is endless cheer, O - ver there.
But we'll wait our Lord's command, 'Till we see His beck'ning hand, O - ver there.

And their glo-ry is untold, 'Tis the Saviour's blissful fold, O - ver there.

CHORUS.

O - ver there, o - ver there, O - ver there, O - ver there,

D.S.

They can nev - er know a fear, O - ver there; o - ver there;

From "New Silver Songs," by per. of W. W. Whitney Co.

119. Look Not in the Sparkling Wine.

ALICE M. LOWE. R. S. ROBSON, by per.

1. Look not in the sparkling wine For thy hap - pi-ness and joy;
2. Do not touch the tempting glass, Sin and woe lie hid-den there;
3. Seek not pleasure from the world, Tho' it gives thee joy to - day;
4. Look to Je-sus, seek His grace, Bring to Him thy longing soul;

CHO.—*In the Lord there's hope for thee, On His mer-cy now re - ly;*

It will rob thee of thy soul, And thy peace of mind de - stroy.
To the Sav-iour quickly fly, He will all thy bur-dens bear.
Soon 't will leave an ach-ing void, And its brightness fade a - way.
He will par-don all thy sins, Give thee peace and make thee whole.

He a - lone can comfort thee, He a - lone will sat - is - fy.

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120. My Telegram's Gone.

JAS. M. SAWYER. By per.

1 What wondrous methods God has given!
Salvation wires from earth to heaven;
The Spirit's currents run up there:
I'll send a telegram of prayer.

CHO.—My telegram's gone, my telegram's gone,
To the palace of glory, my telegram's gone,
My Father's there; He'll answer prayer:
My telegram's gone, my telegram's gone.

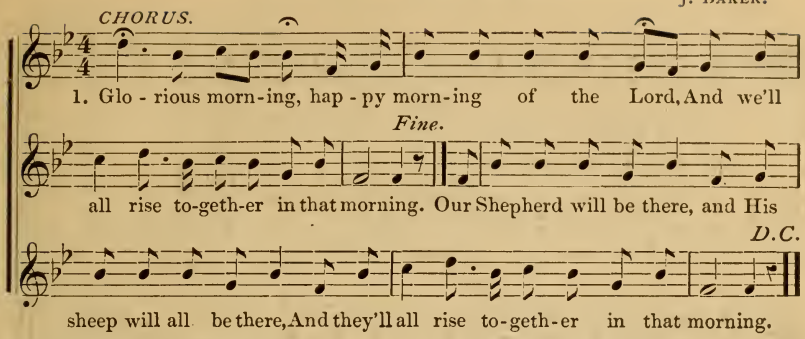
2 His telegram is strong and free,
My message goes without a fee;
His office is the one I choose,
His promise is the form I use.

3 I wire for Him my soul to fill,
I wire for power to do His will;
I wire before the throne of grace,
I wire to reach the holy place.

4 I wire to get the Spirit's shower,
I wire for full salvation power;
For rescue from a drunkard's grave:
I wire for Him to come and save.

121. Glorious Morning.

J. Baker.



2 Our converts will be there,
And their leader will be there.

3 Father Abra'm will be there,
And our children will be there.

4 Our fathers will be there,
And our mothers will be there.

5 Good old Moses will be there,
And brave Daniel will be there.

122. My Beautiful Home.

1 Above the waves of earthly strife,
Above the ills and cares of life,
Where all is peaceful, bright and fair,
My home is there, my home is there.

Chorus.

My beautiful home, my beautiful home,
In the land where the glorified ever shall roam,
Where angels bright wear crowns of light,
My home is there, my home is there.

2 Away from sorrow, doubt and pain,
Away from worldly loss and gain,
From all temptations, tears and care,
My home is there, my home is there.

3 Where living fountains sweetly flow,
Where buds and flowers immortal grow,
Where trees their fruits celestial bear,
My home is there, my home is there.

4 Beyond the bright and pearly gates,
Where Jesus, loving Saviour, waits,
Where all is peaceful, bright and fair,
My home is there, my home is there.

123 Tell it to Jesus Alone.

"*Tell it to Jesus.*"—Matt. 14: 12.

J. E. Rankin, D. D. Rev. E. S. Lorenz. By per.

1. Are you wea-ry, are you heav-y-heart-ed? Tell it to Je-sus,
2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks un-bid-den? Tell it to Je-sus,
3. Do you fear the gath'ring clouds of sor-row? Tell it to Je-sus,
4. Are you troubled at the thought of dy-ing, Tell it to Je-sus,

Tell it to Je-sus; Are you griev-ing o-ver joys de-part-ed?
Tell it to Je-sus; Have you sins that to man's eye are hid-den?
Tell it to Je-sus; Are you anx-ious what shall be to-mor-row?
Tell it to Je-sus; For Christ's com-ing Kingdom are you sigh-ing?

CHORUS.

Tell it to Je-sus a-lone. Tell it to Je-sus, Tell it to Je-sus,

He is a friend that's well known: You have no oth-er

such a friend or broth-er? Tell it to Je-sus a-lone.

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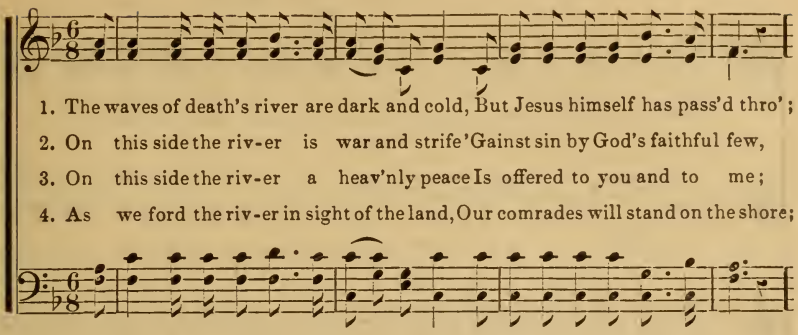
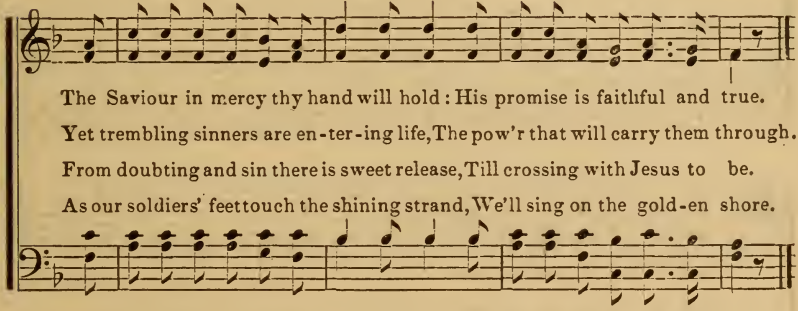
124 The Waters of Jordan may Roll.

Words and Music by BALLINGTON BOOTH.—Used by permission.

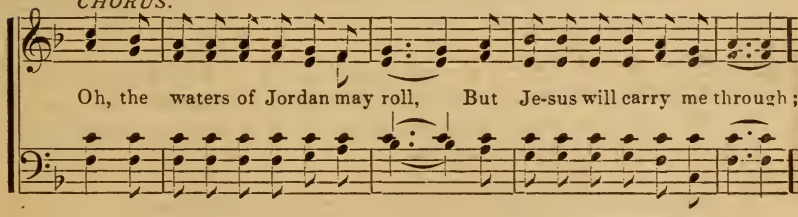


1. The waves of death's river are dark and cold, But Jesus himself has pass'd thro';
2. On this side the riv-er is war and strife 'Gainst sin by God's faithful few,
3. On this side the riv-er a heav'nly peace Is offered to you and to me;
4. As we ford the riv-er in sight of the land, Our comrades will stand on the shore;

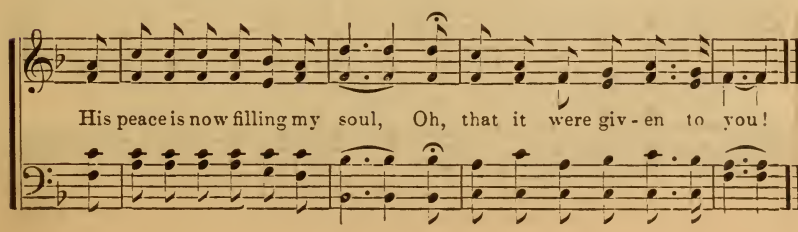


The Saviour in mercy thy hand will hold: His promise is faithful and true.
Yet trembling sinners are en-ter-ing life, The pow'r that will carry them through.
From doubting and sin there is sweet release, Till crossing with Jesus to be.
As our soldiers' feet touch the shining strand, We'll sing on the gold-en shore.

CHORUS.



Oh, the waters of Jordan may roll, But Je-sus will carry me through;

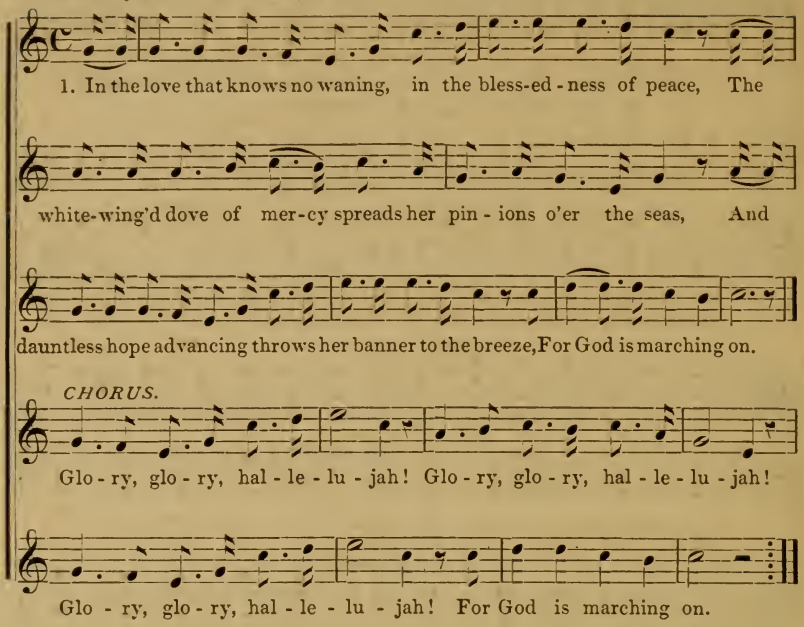


His peace is now filling my soul, Oh, that it were giv-en to you!

125. A Mighty League of Prayer.

Dedicated to the "Grand Army of the Redeemed."

Words by Rev. F. Bottome, D. D.



2 Oh! by the widow's groaning, and the orphan's bitter tear,
And the tide of desolation that blighteth everywhere,
In the name of God we stand as one—a mighty league of prayer!
For God is marching on.—Cho.

3 We bring no hatred in our souls, no fetters in our hands,
But in the all-resistless power that only love commands;
We lift our eyes, and wait to see what faith in God demands,
For God is marching on.—Cho.

4 In vain the spoiler, hand in hand, in proud defiance calls,
We answer back his hate with peace, and march around his walls,
Till, at the trumpet-blast of God, the mighty fortress falls,
For God is marching on.—Cho.

5 Then shout the tidings glorious—a glad and tireless band,
A league of faith to sweep away this evil from the land;
Hear the thunders of our legions rolling back from strand to strand,
For God is marching on.—Cho.

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126. Trust Me.

CARRIE C. COE. SPENCER W. COE.

May be sung in two sharps.

1. Lost and helpless, Je - sus found me, Loved me sunk in guilt and
2. Come to me for ev - 'ry bless-ing, Come to me for help and

sin; O-pened wide the door of mer-cy, Sweetly beck-on'd me, "Come
rest, On - ly come thy need con-fess-ing, Come and lean up - on my

in." Tempt - ed, sick, de - spised, and hope - less, Cast thy
breast. Oh, that voice, so sweet, so ten - der, Ri - v'ling

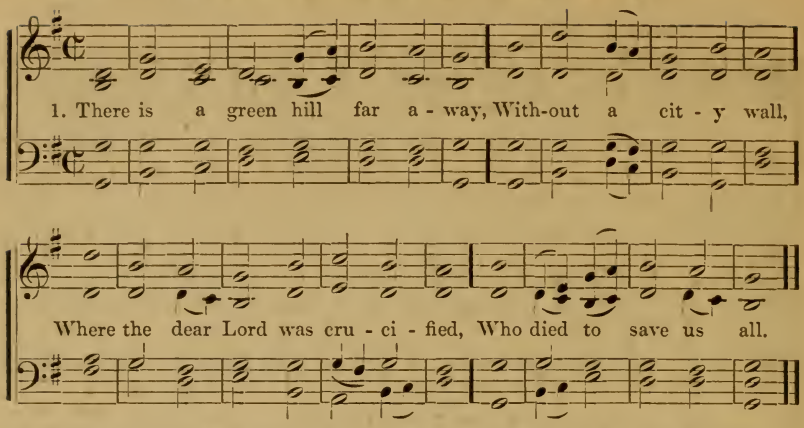
ev - 'ry care on me, Bruis - ed, foot - sore, weak with
rich - est mel - o - dy, Lov - ing - kind - ness, match - less,

1st verse. *ff* 2nd verse. *ff*

wand'ring, Trust me, I will car - - ry thee.
prec-ious, ... Loving-kindness rescued me.

Copyright, 1887, by SPENCER W. COE. By per.

127. There is a Green Hill Far Away.



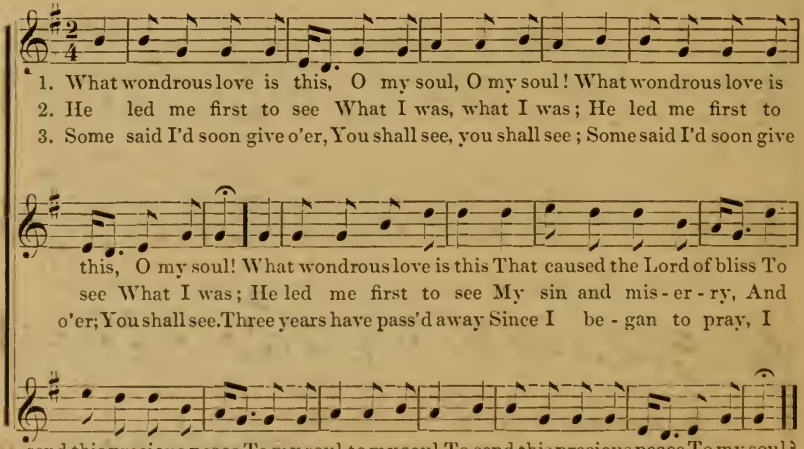
2 We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains He had to bear;
But we believe it was for us,
He hung and suffered there.

3 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good;
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.

4 There was no other, good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only, could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

5 O, dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too;
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.

127½ What Wondrous Love is This?



128. Religion Makes Me Happy.

Dedicated to William Drew.

Arr. for "Rescue Songs."

CHORUS.

Oh, Lord, send the power just now; Oh, Lord, send the power just now;

Oh, Lord, send the power just now, And bap - tize all a - round.

SOLO.

Re - lig - ion makes me hap - py, Mon-day, Tuesday, Wednesday, Re-

lig - ion makes me hap - py Thursday, Fri - day, Sat - ur - day, Re-

lig - ion makes me hap - py all day Sun-day; Come and join our band.

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129. There is a Fold Whence None Can Stray.

Dedicated to E. C. H.

For "Rescue Songs."

Arr. L. H. HAYDEN.

1. There is a fold whence none can stray, And pas-tures ev - er green,
2. One nar-row vale, one darksome wave, Di - vide that land from this,

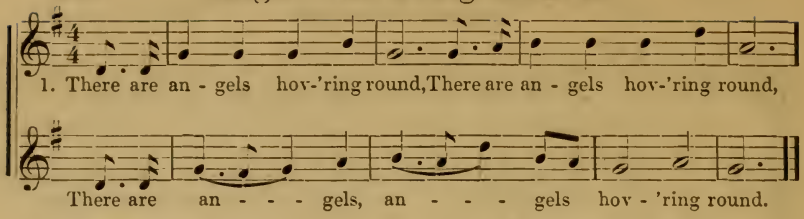
Where sul - try noon or storm-y day, Or night is nev - er seen;
I have a Shepherd pledged to save, And leads me home to bliss;

Far up the ev - er - last - ing hills, In God's own light it lies;
Far from this guil - ty world to be, Ex-empt from toil and strife;

His smile the vast do-min - ion fills, With joy that nev - er dies,
To spend e - ter-ni - ty with Thee, My Sav-iour, this is life,

Glorious joy, heavenly joy, The joy that nev - er dies.
My Sav-iour, dear Saviour! My Sav - iour, this is life.

130. Angels Hovering Round.



2 To carry the tidings home.

3 To the New Jerusalem.

4 Poor sinners are coming home.

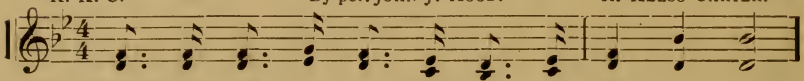
5 And Jesus bids them come.

6 Let him that heareth, come.

7 We are on our journey home.

131. Standing on the Promises.

R. K. C. By per. JOHN J. HOOD. R. KELSO CARTER.



1 Standing on the promises of Christ my King,
Through eternal ages let His praises ring;
Glory in the highest, I will shout and sing,
Standing on the promises of God.

CHORUS.

Standing, Standing, Standing on the promises of God my Saviour:
Standing, Standing, I'm standing on the promises of God.

2 Standing on the promises that cannot fail,
When the howling storms of doubt and fears assail;
By the living Word of God I shall prevail,
Standing on the promises of God.—CHO.

3 Standing on the promises I now can see
Perfect, present cleansing in the blood for me;
Standing in the liberty where Christ makes free,
Standing on the promises of God.—CHO.

4 Standing on the promises of Christ the Lord,
Bound to Him eternally by love's strong cord,
Overcoming daily with the Spirit's sword,
Standing on the promises of God.—CHO.

5 Standing on the promises I cannot fall,
Listening every moment to the Spirit's call,
Resting in my Saviour, as my all in all,
Standing on the promises of God.—CHO.

Words and Music in "Precious Hymns." JOHN J. HOOD, Pub., Phila.

132. There is a Name I Love.

F. Whitfield. In Memory of my Mother. H. W. Greatorex.

1. There is a name I love to hear; I love to sing its worth;
2. It tells me of a Sav-iour's love Who died to set me free;
3. It tells of One whose lov - ing heart Can feel my small-est woe—
4. It bids my trembling soul re - joice, And dries each ris - ing tear;

It sounds like mu - sic in mine ear—The sweetest Name on earth.
It tells me of His precious blood—The sin - ner's per - fect plea.
Who in each sor - row bears a part That none can bear be - low.
It tells me in a "still small voice," To trust, and not to fear.

133. Laborers of Christ, Arise.

Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. (AHIRA. S. M.) H. W. Greatorex.

1. La - borers of Christ, a - rise, And gird you for the toil;
2. Go where the sick re - cline, Where mourning hearts de-plore;
3. Be faith, which looks a - bove, With pray'r, your constant guest.
4. So shall you share the wealth That earth may ne'er de - spoil.

The dew of prom-ise from the skies Al-read - y cheers the soil.
And where the sons of sor - row pine, Dispense your hal - lowed lore.
And wrap the Saviour's changeless love A man - tle round your breast.
And the blest gos - pel's sav - ing health Re-pay your ar - duous toil.

134. I am Saved.

Mrs. S. Oberholtzer. Jno. B. Sweney.

1. I am sav'd! the Lord hath sav'd me, Help me shout the glorious news!
2. Loud I sing my ex-ul-ta-tion, Hop-ing it will reach the skies,
3. Free sal-va-tion! glad sal-va-tion! Let us shout from pole to pole,
4. When at last the days are gathered In-to Thy great judgment one,

I have tast-ed God's sal-va-tion, And 'tis sweet as honeyed dews.
Keep, dear Lord, my soul for-ev-er Un-der Thy pro-tect-ing eyes.
Un-til this free, rum-curs'd na-tion Feels that God hath made it whole.
May I find my name deep written, In the rec-ords of Thy Son.

CHORUS.

Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! I re-joice sal-va-tion came;

Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! I am sav'd in Je-sus' name.

By permission.

135. Tell it Again.

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. R. M. McIntosh.

1. In - to the tent where a gyp-sy boy lay, Dy - ing a - lone at the
2. "Did He so love me,—a poor lit - tle boy? Send un - to me the good
3. Bending we caught the last words of his breath, Just as he en-tered the
4. Smiling, he said, as his last sigh he spent, "I am so glad that for

close of the day, News of sal - va - tion we car - ried; said he,
tid-ings of joy? Need I not per - ish? my hand will he hold?
val - ley of death; "God sent His Son!"—"who-so-ev - er?" said he;
me He was sent!" Whispered, while low sank the sun in the west,

REFRAIN.

"No-bod - y ev - er has told it to me!" Tell it a - gain!
"No-bod - y ev - er the sto - ry has told!"
"Then I am sure that He sent Him for me!"
"Lord, I be-lieve, tell it now to the rest!"

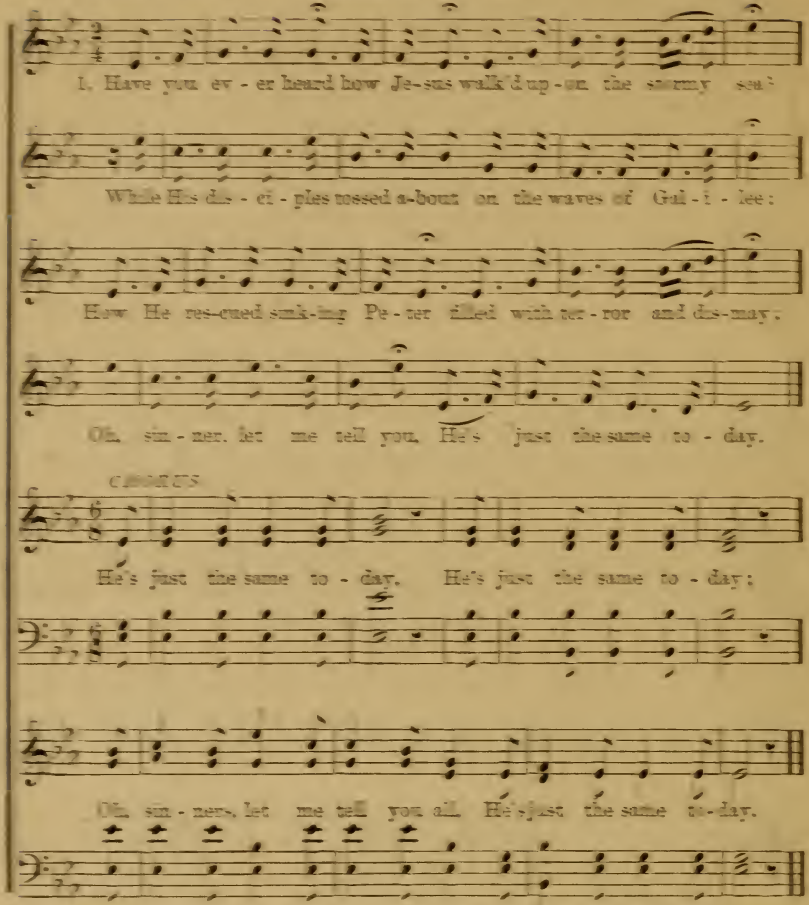
Tell it again? Salvation's sto-ry re-peat it o'er and o'er, Till none can

say of the children of men, "No-bod - y ev - er has told me be - fore."

By permission.

136. He's Just the Same To-day.

For "Rescue Songs." Dedicated to E. H. Vail. Arr. H. H. H.



2. Have you ever heard the story
Of the babe of Bethlehem?
Who was worshiped by the angels
And the wise and holy men?
How He taught the learned doctors
In the temple far away.
Oh, sinners let me tell you,
He is just the same to-day.

3. Once while resting on a pillow,
In the vessel fast asleep,
There arose a mighty tempest
On the wild and angry deep;
"Peace, be still," the Lord commanded,
Every angry wave did stay.
I am glad to tell you, sinners,
He is just the same to-day.

4. Surely you have heard how Jesus
Prayed down in Gethsemane.
How He shed His precious life-blood
On the rugged shameful tree.
Cruel thorns His forehead piercing,
As His Spirit passed away;
Sinner, won't you come and love Him?
For He is just the same to-day.

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137. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

"Be strong and of good courage."—Deut. 31: 6.

S. Baring—Gould. A. S. Sullivan

Presto.

1. Onward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter,
2. Like a might-y ar - my, Moves the Church of God: Brothers, we are tread - ing Where the saints have trod. We are not di - vi - ded,
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus Constant will re - main. Gates of hell can nev - er
4. Onward, then, ye faith - ful, Join our hap - py throng, Blend with ours your voi - ces, In the triumph-song: Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or,

Leads against the foe: Forward in - to bat - tle, See, His banners go.
All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
'Gainst that Church prevail; We have Christ's own promise, And that can - not fail.
Un - to Christ the King: This, thro' countless a - ges, Men and an - gels sing.

CHORUS.

On - ward, Chris-tian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus, Go - ing on be - fore.

138. Hallelujah for the Cross.

Dr. Horatius Bonar. Arr. James McGranahan, by purchase of right.

"God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." Gal. 6: 14.

1. The cross it stand-eth fast, Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! De-
2. It is the old cross still, Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! It's
3. 'Twas here the debt was paid, Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Our

fy-ing ev - 'ry blast, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! The winds of hell have blown,
triumph let us tell, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! The grace of God here shone,
sins on Je - sus laid, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! So round the cross we sing,

cres. . . . . . *ff*

The world its hate hath shown, Yet it is not o-ver-thrown, Hal-le-lu-jah for the cross.
Thro' Christ the blessed Son, Who did for sins a - tone, Hal-le-lu-jah for the cross.
Of Christ our of-fer - ing, Of Christ our liv-ing King, Hal-le-lu-jah for the cross.

* Solo. Sop. or Ten. or Duet.

Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le-

Soprano and Alto.

Cho. *mp* Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le-

Tenor and Bass.

* If desired, the Soprano and Alto may sing the upper Staff, *omitting* the middle Staff.

Hallelujah for the Cross. Concluded.

lu - - jah for the cross, Hal - le - lu - jah,

lu-jah for the cross, hal-le - lu-jah for the cross, Hal - le - lu-jah,

Hal - le - lu - jah, it shall nev-er suf-fer loss.

Hal-le - lu-jah, it shall nev-er suf-fer, nev-er suf-fer loss.

f Full Chorus.

* Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah for the cross;

cres. . . . . . *ff*

Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, it shall nev-er suf-fer loss.

* For a final ending, all the voices may sing the melody in unison through the last eight measures—the instrument playing the harmony.

139. Come To The Feast.

R. K. C. R. Kelso Carter.

1. Come to the feast that the Lord hath made, Ye who on Je - sus your
2. Leave now the husks of a worldly life, List to the promise with
3. Stay not a moment, but come to - day, All on the al - tar for -

sins have laid; Trusting in Him be ye not a - fraid; The
bless-ings rife, Come find re-lease from the storm and strife; The
ev - er lay, Come to the feast, for the Lord doth say That

CHORUS.

Spirit and the Bride say, Come. Come to the feast, and taste the bread from heav'n; The
Master of the feast says, Come!
who-so-ev-er will may come.

Spir - it and the Bride say come, for you it is given; Come to the feast; Let

him that heareth cry, For who-so - ev - er will may drink, and nev - er die.

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140. Noah and the Wine.

HENRY H. HADLEY. Arr. by E. E.B.

1. When Noah bade the ark farewell, He did not make his wine to sell, And if the danger he had known, He would have left the grapes alone. He
2. If an-y vis-ion met his eyes, 'Twas not a "herald from the skies." But some dark spectre from below That made him to the wine vat go, And
3. We failed to learn from Noah's fall, But riv-ers made of al-co-hol, There millions wreck from year to year; And then the brewing of the beer, Our

slipped and fell, hence we should learn By this, the deadly cup to spurn. He
brought dishonor on his name, And filled his heart with grief and shame. And
hope and fin-er feeling drowns: The death-bell of our future sounds. Our

4 While they who now this work pursue,
Are victims oft to their own brew,
We too must share their hapless fate,
If we their habits imitate.
The gallows-tree and prison pen,
Show where the fiend too oft hath been.

5 But there's a refuge for the lost
That our Redeemer's blood hath cost;
He offers now to you and me,
Redemption full: redemption free.
Oh seek Him while He may be found,
Let home and heaven with joy resound.

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141. Diamonds in the Rough.

(Dedicated to the "Rescue Volunteers.")

H. H. HADLEY. WILLIS C. HADLEY, Rochester.

Cheerful, but not too fast.

1. There are ma - ny priceless jew - els, in the diamond fields near by, Which
2. Oh, cheerless homes and aching hearts, which might be glad and light! Were

seem so black and worthless, to our faulty human eye; The proud and careless
we with patient faith to toil, and make these diamonds bright, For they have hearts that

all seem blind, the wicked pause to scoff, But speak kind words and you will find, they're
we may touch, if we have love enough, Then, comrades, let us downward reach, for

CHORUS.

diamonds in the rough. Now, Rescue Worker, 'tis for you to lend a helping hand, To
diamonds in the rough.

polish up these darken'd gems; the work, you'll find, is grand, Tho' many it is sad to say
[may

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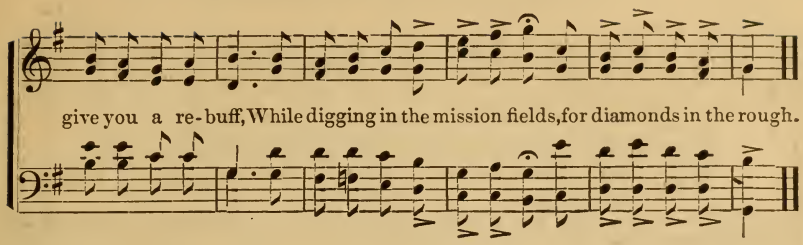
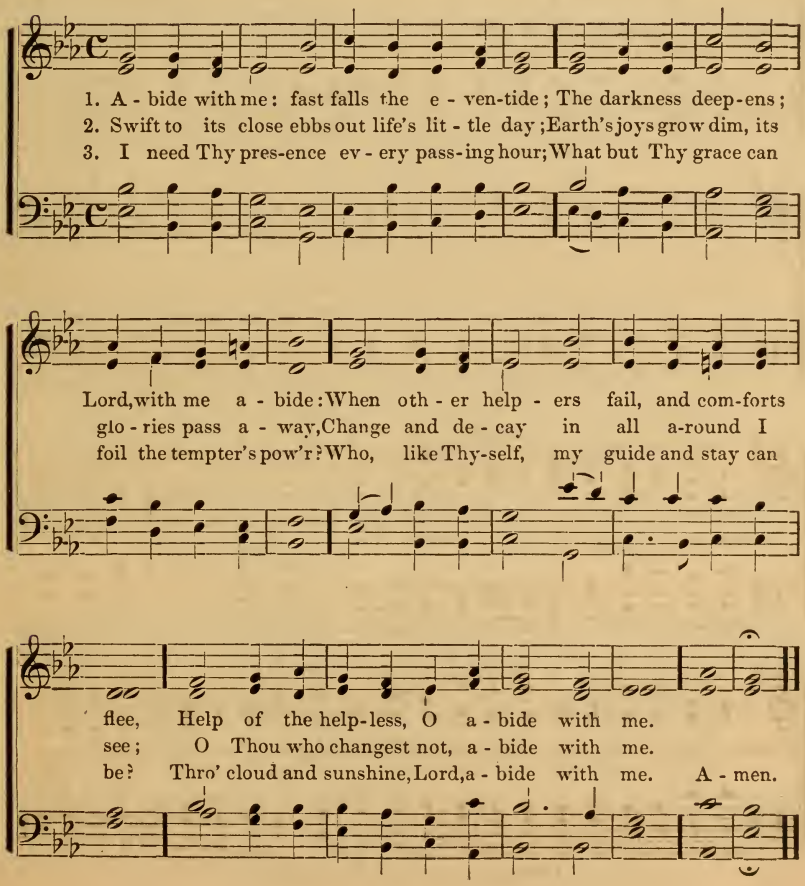
Diamonds in the Rough. Concluded.



142. Abide With Me.



143. The Master Stood in His Garden.

"We have this treasure in earthen vessels."—2 Cor. 4: 7.

E. R. V. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. The Mas - ter stood in His gar - den, A - mong the li-lies so fair,
2. "My li - lies have need to be wa-tered," The heaven - ly Mas - ter said:
3. But the Mas - ter saw and raised it From the dust in which it lay,
4. So forth to the fountain He bore it, And filled it full to the brim:
5. The droop - ing li - lies He wa-tered, Till ali re - viv-ing a - gain,
6. And then to it - self it whispered, As a - side He laid it once more.

Which His own right hand had plant - ed, And trained with ten - d'rest care;
Where - in shall I draw it for them, And raise each droop - ing head?"
And smiled as He gent - ly whis-pered, "My work it shall do to - day;
How glad was the earth - en ves - sel To be of some use to Him!
The Mas - ter saw with pleas-ure His la - bor had not been in vain;
"I still will lie in His path - way, Just where I did be - fore;

He looked at their snow - y blos - soms, And marked, with ob-ser - vant eye,
Close, close to His feet on the path - way, All emp - ty, and frail, and small,
It is but an earth - ern ves - sel, But close it is ly-ing to Me;
He poured forth the liv - ing wa - ter All o - ver His li-lies so fair,
His own hand drew the wa - ter, Re-fresh-ing the thirst - y flowers;
For close would I keep to the Mas - ter, And emp-ty would I re - main,

That His flowers were sad - ly drooping For their leaves were parched and dry,
Was an earth - ern ves - sel ly - ing, That seemed of no use at all,
It is small, but clean, and emp-ty,— That is all it needs to be,
Till emp - ty was the ves - sel, And a - gain He filled it there,
But He used the earth - ern ves-sel To con - vey the liv - ing showers,
Per - chance some day He may use me To wa - ter His flowers a - gain,

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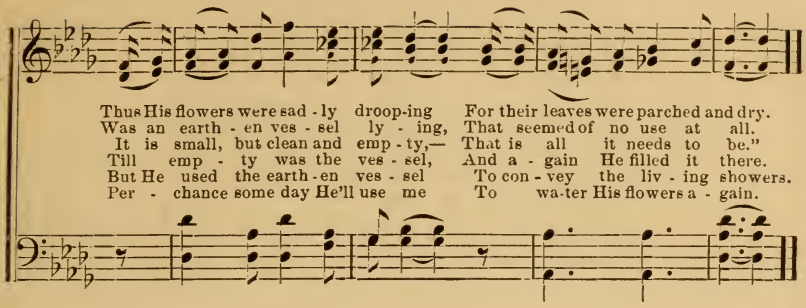
The Master Stood in His Garden. Concluded.



144. A Little Talk With Jesus.

TUNE :—*Traced her little footsteps in the snow.*

1 While fighting for my Saviour here,
The devil tries me hard :
He uses all his mighty power,
My progress to retard :
He's up to every move,
And yet through all I prove,
A little talk with Jesus makes it right.

CHORUS.

A little talk with Jesus makes it right, all right ;
Through trials of every kind,
Praise God I always find,
A little talk with Jesus makes it right.

2 Tho' dark the night and clouds look black
And stormy overhead :
And trials of most every kind
Across my path are spread ;
How soon I conquer all
As to the Lord I call,
A little talk with Jesus makes it right.

4 And thus, by frequent little talks,
I gain the victory ;
And march along with cheerful song,
Enjoying liberty ;
With Jesus as my Friend
I'll prove until the end,
A little talk with Jesus makes it right.

145. Hallelujah! Jesus Saves.

HENRY H. HADLEY. Arr. L. H. HAYDEN.

1. { While I in sin was wand'ring, I heard the glad re - frain,
My heart ech - oed the tid-ings, And sent it back a - gain,
But O, this news so wonderful, Has brightened up the road,

Fine.

Hallelujah! Jesus saves. All hail! He saves. Hal-le-lu-jah! Jesus saves.

D.C.

For years in sin and sor - row I strug - gled with my load;

2 I've told the news to others,
It made their hearts rejoice,
Hallelujah! etc.
Like me they heard Him calling,
And hastened at His voice;
Hallelujah! etc.
When Satan heard he trembled,
And let the fetters go;
So they are safe within the fold,
And all the world shall know.
Hallelujah! etc.

3 Now as the mount I'm climbing,
I'll sing the Heav'nly strain;
Hallelujah! etc.
The angels hear the music,
And answer back again;
Hallelujah! etc.
At last in Heaven rejoicing,
When I His face behold;
I'll sing through endless ages,
Along the streets of gold;
Hallelujah! etc.

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146. Sometimes.

Ending.

1. { A mix-ture of joy and sor - row, I dai - ly do pass through;
Sometimes I'm in the val - ley, A sinking down with woe.
I view by faith bright Ca-naan, And stand up-on its shore.

D.C.

Sometimes I am ex - alt - ed, On ea - gle's wings I soar;

2 Sometimes I'm sorely tempted,
And filled with doubt and fear;
Then when I look to Jesus,
He always will come near.
Sometimes I go to meeting,
And wish I'd stay'd at home;
Sometimes I meet my Saviour,
And then I'm glad I've come.

147. Where is my Father To-night.

CARRIE MERRES. AIR.—"Where is my Wandering Boy?"

1 Where has my father gone to-night?
The father I love so well;
He wanders away from home and friends;
My sorrow no words can tell.

CHO.—O where is my sire to-night?
O where can my father be?
I love him yet, and I cannot forget
My mother's last words to me.

2 Once we could say our home was bright,
As we knelt at his knee for prayer;
No face more kind, no heart more true—
None loved us with fonder care.—CHO.

3 I stood and watched by her dying bed,
And softly she said to me,
"I feel that our prayers will yet be heard;
Your father reclaimed will be."—CHO.

4 Go to my wand'ring sire to-night,
And tell him the words of love,
That I may hope we'll meet again
On earth, or with mother above.—CHO.

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148. You're Saving a Man.

Rev. F. BOTTOME, D. D. Air.—"Star Spangled Banner."

1 O see the poor drunkard, so lost to all shame,
So dead to all sense of the sin that is in him;
Rouse him up, if you can, by that Wonderful Name,
And then watch till you see the new life stir within him.

CHO.—‖: Then up to the rescue, and save if you can;
Remember, good brother, you're saving a man! :‖

2 What a fall from the joy and the beauty of youth!
What a wreck of desire and young hope's aspiring;
What a fearful destruction of virtue and truth!—
Nothing left but the victim in sadness expiring.—CHO.

3 And, alas! for the desolate household and home,
For the laughter of childhood now turned into wailing;
For the smiles and contentment that never can come,—
For the heart-broken wife in her pleas unavailing.—CHO.

4 Go then in His name to the brink of the grave
And shout till the dead in their caverns awaking,
Shall rise in the life of the mighty to save,
And shine in the light of the morning's new breaking.—CHO.

149. We're on the Way!

S. M. Sayford. Isaiah 35: 8-10. D. B. Towner, by per.

1. The promised land! by faith I see, Where God's own glo-ry gilds the day,
2. The promis'd land! where thousands dwell, Who've wash'd their robes in Jesus' blood,
3. The promised land! with gates of pearl, A-jar for all the blood-wash'd throng,
4. The promised land! with mansions fair, Where Je-sus now prepares a place,
5. The promised land! the Father's house A-waits us on the shin-ing shore,

Where we shall dwell with Christ redeem'd, By His own grace we're on the way.
With them we'll wave the branch of palm, When we have cross'd the narrow flood.
A few more marches—hold on faith! And then we'll sing Redemption's song,
From whence He'll come to take us home, And we shall see Him, face to face.
When there we'll strike our harps of gold, And praise His name for-ev - er-more.

CHORUS.

We're on the way, we're on the way, To glo - ry - land, we're on the way;

We fol - low Je - sus day by day, He leads us all a - long the way.

By permission of D. B. Towner, owner of Copyright.

150. Nothing Pays But Serving God.

ALICE M. LOWE. R. S. ROBSON.

1. O the hap-pi-ness and peace, In the ser-vice of the Lord;
2. All who on the Lord be-lieve, In His prom-ise may re-ly;
3. In the vineyard of the Lord, There is work for all to do;

There our treasure will in-crease, Nothing pays but serv-ing God.
Countless blessings they re-ceive, Life e-ter-nal by and by.
He has promised great re-ward, To the faith-ful and the true.

CHORUS.

Would you now your life in-sure? Noth-ing pays but serv-ing God;
Come, His pardoning grace se-cure? Nothing pays but serv-ing God.

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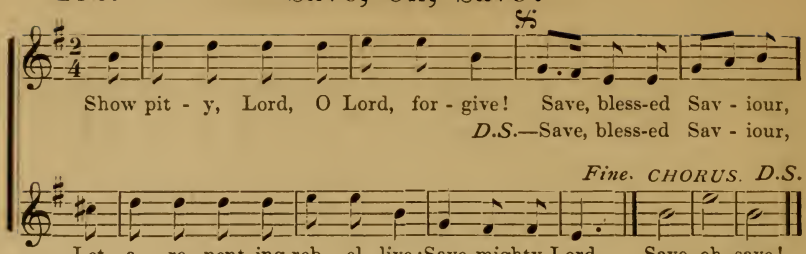
151. Now Will I Tell.

CHORUS.

1. { Now will I tell to sin-ners round, / What a dear Sav-iour I have found. } For He's tak-en my feet from the mire and the clay, And has placed them on the Rock of A-ges.

152. Save, Oh, Save!



153. Speak to Them, Lord.

Jerry made the first prayer. I shall never forget it. He said: "Dear Saviour, won't you look down in pity on these poor souls? They need your help, Lord, they can't get along without it. Blessed Jesus, these poor sinners have got themselves into a bad hole. Won't you help them out? Speak to them, Lord! do, for Jesus' sake—Amen!"—From "*My First Drink and My Last.*" By S. H. Hadley, Jerry's successor. Fleming H. Revell, New York, Pub.

Jerry said: "All the prayers in the world won't save you unless you pray for yourself." I halted but a moment, and then, with a breaking heart, I said: "*Dear Jesus, can you help me?*" Never with mortal tongue can I describe that moment. I felt the glorious brightness shine into my heart; I felt I was a free man. (See No. 67.)

Dedicated to the Memory of Jerry McAuley.

Words by FANNY J. CROSBY. TUNE.—"Autumn." For "Rescue Songs."

1 Lord, behold in Thy compassion,
Those who kneel before Thee now;
They are in a sad condition,
None can help them, Lord, but Thou.

CHORUS.

Speak to them in tendèr mercy;
Now their cruel fetters break;
"Speak to them," we humbly pray Thee,
Do, O Lord, for Jesus' sake.

2 They are lost, but do not leave them,
In their dreary path to roam;
There is pardon, precious pardon,
If to Thee by faith they come.—CHO.

3 They are lost, but do not leave them,
In the pit so dark and cold;
Take them out and kindly bear them,
Like a shepherd to the fold.—CHO.

4 Thou dost know their every feeling;
Their temptations Thou canst see;
Here they are, O Lord, receive them,
As they give themselves to Thee.—CHO.

154. At the Cross I'll Abide.

I. B. "And many women were there."—MATT. 27: 55. I. BALTZELL.

1. O Je - sus, Saviour, I long to rest Near the cross where Thou hast died;
2. My dy - ing Jesus, my Saviour God, Who hast borne my guilt and sin,
3. O Jesus, Saviour, now make me Thine, Nev-er let me stray from Thee;
4. The cleansing pow'r of Thy blood apply, All my guilt and sin re-move;

For there is hope for the ach-ing breast, At the cross I will a - bide.
Now wash me, cleanse me with Thine own blood, Ev-er keep me pure and clean.
Oh, wash me, cleanse me, for Thou art mine, And Thy love is full and free.
Oh, help me, while at Thy cross I lie, Fill my soul with perfect love.

CHORUS.

At the cross, I'll a-bide, At the cross, I'll a-bide,
At the cross, I'll abide, At the cross, I'll abide,

At the cross I'll abide, There His blood is applied; At the cross I am sanctified.

By permission.

155. There is a Fountain.

W. Cowper. Lowell Mason.

1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins,

And sin-ners plung'd beneath that flood Lose all their guilt - y stains.

Fine.

Lose all their guilt - y stains Lose all their guilt-y stains;

D.S.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stam'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

156. The Backslider.

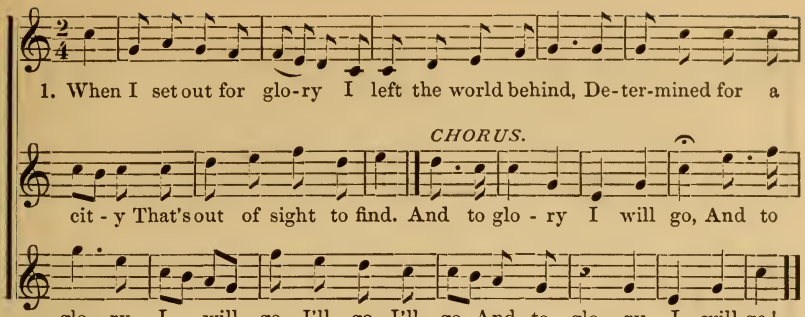
1. How can I vent my grief? My com - fort - er is
2. How lit - tle did I think When first I did be-

fled! By day I sigh with-out re - lief And groan up-on my bed.
gin To join a lit - tle with the world It was so great a sin.

3 My confidence is gone,
I find no words to say,
Barren and lifeless is my soul
When I attempt to pray.

4 Trembling, to Christ I'll fly,
And all my sins confess,
At Jesus' cross I'll humbly fall
And ask restoring grace.

157. When I Set Out for Glory.



158. MY TRUNDLE BED.

1 As I rumaged through the attic,
Listening to the falling rain,
As it pattered on the shingles,
And against the window pane;
Peeping over chests and boxes,
Which with dust were thickly spread,
Saw I in the farthest corner,
What was once my trundle bed.

2 So I drew it from the recess,
Where it had remained so long,
Hearing all the while the music
Of my mother's voice in song,
As she sung in sweetest accents,
What I since have often read:
"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber;
Holy Angels guard thy bed."

3 As I listened, recollections
That I thought had been forgot,
Came with all the gush of memory,
Rushing, thronging to the spot;
And I wandered back to childhood
To those merry days of yore,
When I knelt beside my mother,
By that bed upon the floor.

4 Then it was, with hands so gently
Placed upon my infant head,
That she taught my lips to utter,
Carefully the words she said.
Never can they be forgotten;
Deep are they in memory riven:
"Hallowed be Thy name, Oh, Father!
Father, Thou who art in heaven."

5 This she taught me; then she told me
Of its import great and deep;
After which I learned to utter,
"Now I lay me down to sleep."
Then it was with hands uplifted,
And in accents soft and mild,
That my mother asked our Father,
"Father, do Thou bless my child."

6 Years have passed, and that dear mother
Long has mouldered 'neath the sod,
And I know her sainted spirit
Dwells within the home of God.
But that scene in summer twilight,
Fills my heart with joy divine,
For my mother's prayer is answered,
And her Saviour now is mine.

159. IF PAPA WERE ONLY READY.

1 I should like to die, said Willie,
If my papa could die too,
But he says he isn't ready,
'Cause he has so much to do;
And little sister Nellie says,
That I must surely die,
And that she and mamma—then she stopped
Because it made me cry.

2 But she told me, I remember,
Once while sitting on her knee,
That the angels never weary,
Watching over her and me;
And that if we're good—and mamma told me
Just the same before—
They will let us into Heaven,
When they see us at the door.

3 There I know I shall be happy,
And will always want to stay;
I shall love to hear the singing,
I shall love the endless day;
I shall love to look at Jesus,
I shall love Him more and more;
And I'll gather water lilies
For the angel at the door.

4 There will be none but the holy,
I shall know no more of sin,
I will see mamma and Nellie,
For I know He'll let them in;
But I'll have to tell the angel,
When I meet Him at the door,
That He must excuse my papa,
'Cause he couldn't leave the store.

5 Nellie says that may be
I shall soon be called away;
If papa was only ready,
I should like to go to-day;
But if I should go before him
To that world of light and joy,
Then I guess he'd want to come to Heaven
To see his little boy.

160. A Hundred Years Ago.

For Bass Solo tr. to D Major. H. M. ROGERS.

Con Spirito.

1. A hundred years have rolled away, Since that high he-ro - ic day,
2. Shall we see the thousands die? Comrades, to the res - cue fly!
3. By the home where want appears, By the mother's hopeless years,

When our fathers in the fray Struck the conquering blow.
Down with al-co - hol! we cry; Stop its deadly flow.
Linked with pover - ty and tears, By her children's woe:

Praise to them, the bold, who spoke, Praise to them, the brave, who broke
Death to thee, rum! thou wouldst enslave, Destroy the good, insult the brave,
By the crimes with ru - in fraught, Let our no - ble work be wrought,

Stern oppression's gall - ing yoke, A hun - dred years a - go.
Whose mighty deeds our victory gave, A hun - dred years a - go.
Brave as their's who free - dom bought A hun - dred years a - go.

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161. Glad Tidings.

M. E. W. MRS. M. E. WILSON.

DUET.

1. Free sal - va-tion is flow - ing, Like a riv-er a - long,
2. Bring the poor and need - y To this flow - ing stream,
3. Glad tid - ings of sal - va-tion Are of-fered free - ly now,
4. The Sav-iour now is wait - ing, No long-er then de - lay,

O - ver mountain and val - ley, And this is our song:
Tell them Christ is a - ble, And wait-ing to re - deem:
Ac - cept the in - vi - ta - tion; To Je - sus hum - bly bow:
Be - lieve, ac - cept, and trust Him; *And be saved to - day.*

CHORUS.

Glad tid - ings, glad tid - ings, The pow'r of sin de-stroy;
tidings, glad tiding, glad tidings, glad tidings, The pow'r of sin de - stroy;

Glad tid - ings, glad tid - ings, Glad tid - ings of great joy. .

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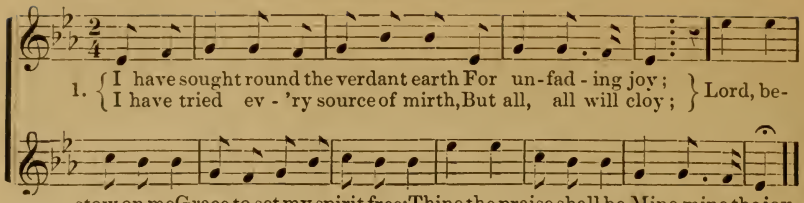
162. I Have Tried the World.



2 I have wandered in mazes dark
Of doubt and distress;
I have had not a kindling spark,
My sprit to bless;
Cheerless unbelief
Filled my lab'ring soul with grief;
What shall give relief?
What shall give peace?

3 Then I turned to Thy gospel, Lord,
From folly away;
Then I trusted Thy Holy Word
That taught me to pray;
Here I found release—
In Thy Word my soul found peace,
Hope of endless bliss,
Eternal day.

4 I will praise now my heavenly King,
I'll praise and adore;
All my heart's richest tribute bring
To Thee, God of power;
And in heaven above,
Saved by Thy redeeming love,
Loud the strains shall move
For evermore.

163. Back to My Mission Home.

F. J. C. For "Rescue Songs."

TUNE.—"I Wandered by the Brookside."

1 I had wandered from the mission, where like a summer day,
Without a cloud or shadow many months had passed away;
And with heedless step I entered where oft I'd been before,
But the tempter had preceded me and met me at the door.

2 Then I took the hands extended and drank the proffered cheer,
I joined their evening revels, too, but was not happy there;
And soon o'er what was passing my thoughts had ceased to roam,
For a music-box was playing the air of "Home, Sweet Home."

TUNE.—"There's no place like Home."

3 It swept o'er my spirit till sadly I wept,
It wakened the chords that a moment had slept;
I felt like a wand'rer o'er ocean's dark foam,
But Hope said, "Return to thy dear Mission Home."

Cho.—Home, Home, sweet, sweet home,
No place in the world like my dear Mission Home.

4 It swept o'er my spirit, that music so sweet,
And brought me again to the dear Saviour's feet;
O Jesus, no more from Thy side will I roam,
But ever abide in my dear Mission Home.—Cho.

Copyright, 1890, by H. H. Hadley.

164. Keep me, Lord, low down.

Arr. by J. P. W.

1. I know my sins are all for-giv'n, Carry me to the promis'd land, where
2. Poor sin-ner, you may be set free, Carry me to the promis'd land, where
3. I do re - joice for him I sing, Carry me to the promis'd land, where
4. My Sav-iour bore my sins a - way, Carry me to the promis'd land, where

pleasures never die, And I am on my way to heav'n, Car-ry me to the
pleasures never die, For you he died on Cal-va - ry, Car-ry me to the
pleasures never die, My Saviour comes, I reign with him, Car-ry me to the
pleasures never die, And I will praise him night and day, Car-ry me to the

REFRAIN.

promis'd land where pleasures never die. Keep me, Lord, low down, till I
promis'd land where pleasures never die.
promis'd land where pleasures never die.
promis'd land where pleasures never die.

die, Oh, car-ry me to the promis'd land, Where pleasures never die.

Copyright, 1886, by E. E. Nickerson.

165. At the Cross.

R. Kelso Carter. *From "Highway Songs" by permission.* E. E. Nickerson.

1. O Je - sus, Lord, thy dy-ing love Hath pierc'd my con - trite heart;
2. A - mid the night of sin and death Thy light hath fill'd my soul;
3. I kiss thy feet, I clasp thy hand, I touch thy bleed - ing side;
4. My Lord, my light, my strength, my all, I count my gain but loss;

Now take my life, and let me prove How dear to me thou art.
To me thy lov - ing voice now saith, Thy faith hath made thee whole.
O let me here for - ev - er stand, Where thou wast cru-ci - fied.
For - ev - er let thy love en - thrall, And keep me at the cross.

CHORUS.

At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the bur - den of my heart roll'd a - way, It was there by faith I re-ceived my sight, And now I am hap-py night and day!

Copyright, 1885, by E. E. Nickerson.

166. The Angels are looking on me.

From "Highway Songs" by permission.

Rev. JOHN PARKER. J. P. WESTON.

1. Like Ja - cob, in his Beth-el rest, The an-gels are look-ing on me;
2. Each night I lay me down to sleep, The an-gels are look-ing on me;
3. And when I wake, new toils to meet, The an-gels are look-ing on me;
4. A pil-grim to the heav'nly land, The an-gels are look-ing on me;
5. And till I reach my home at last, The an-gels are look-ing on me;

They watch my pil-low—I am blest, The an - gels are look-ing on me.
I know I'm safe, for an-gels keep, The an - gels are look-ing on me.
God's presence makes my joy complete, The an - gels are look-ing on me.
My steps are kept by God's command, The an - gels are look-ing on me.
With ev - 'ry tear and tri - al past, The an - gels are look-ing on me.

CHORUS.

All night, all night, The an - gels are look-ing on me...

All night, all night, The an - gels are look-ing on me.....

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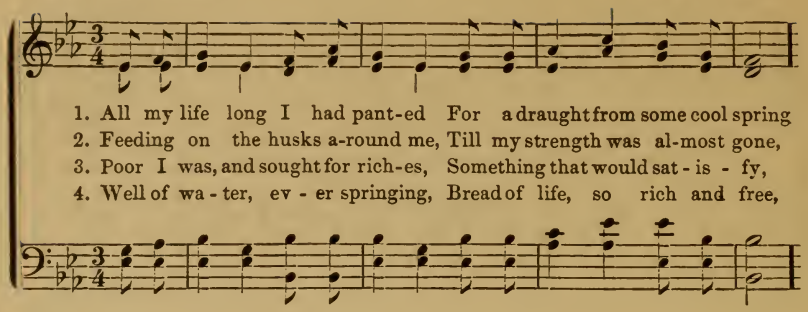
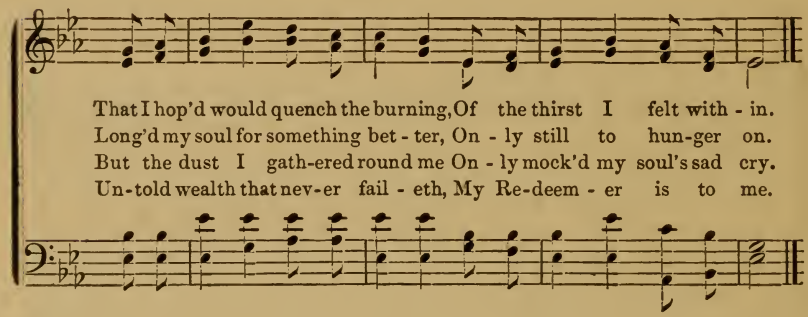
167. Satisfied.

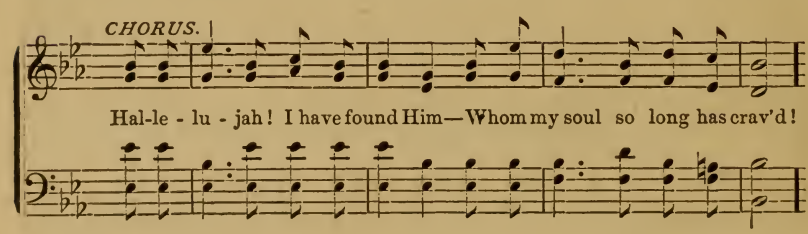
MISS CLARA TEARE. R. E. HUDSON.



1. All my life long I had pant-ed For a draught from some cool spring
2. Feeding on the husks a-round me, Till my strength was al-most gone,
3. Poor I was, and sought for rich-es, Something that would sat - is - fy,
4. Well of wa - ter, ev - er springing, Bread of life, so rich and free,

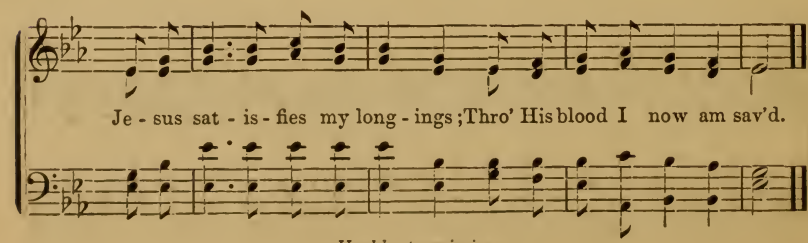


That I hop'd would quench the burning, Of the thirst I felt with - in.
Long'd my soul for something bet - ter, On - ly still to hun-ger on.
But the dust I gath-ered round me On - ly mock'd my soul's sad cry.
Un-told wealth that nev-er fail - eth, My Re-deem - er is to me.



CHORUS.

Hal-le - lu - jah! I have found Him—Whom my soul so long has crav'd!



Je - sus sat - is - fies my long - ings; Thro' His blood I now am sav'd.

Used by permission.

168. I'm Resting at Last.

Rev. F. Bottome, D. D. By per.

1. The con-flict is o - ver, the tem-pest is past, I'm rest-ing in Je - sus, I'm
2. There's peace in believing, sweet peace to the soul To know that he maketh me
3. Oh, hin-der me not while His love I proclaim, My soul makes her boast of His
4. There's peace in believing, sweet peace to the soul To know that He maketh me

rest - ing at last; The bil - lows that fill'd my poor soul with a - larm Are
per - fect-ly whole; There's joy ev - er - last-ing to feel His blood flow, 'Tis
won-der-ful name; I stand with my foot on the neck of my foe, Then,
per - fect-ly whole; Oh, come to the fountain—Oh, come at His call! There's

REFRAIN.

I'm rest - ing at

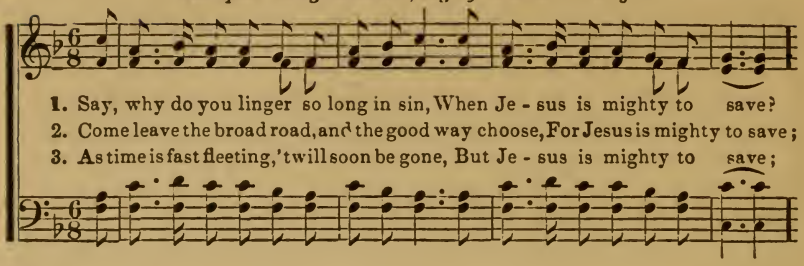
hush'd at His word in - to still-ness and calm. I'm rest-ing at
life from the dead my Re-deem-er to know.
bounding with glad-ness, triumphant I go.
heal-ing and cleansing, and welcome for all.

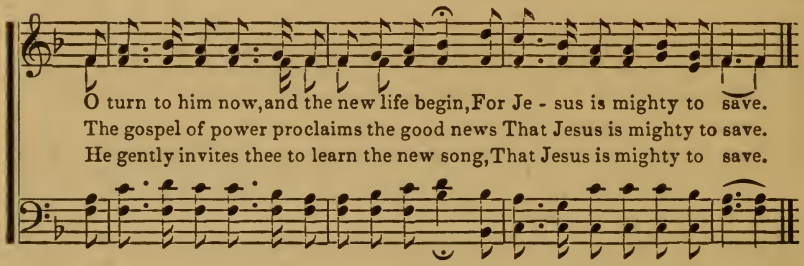
last, I'm resting at last, I'm rest-ing in Je-sus, I'm resting at last.

169. Mighty to Save.

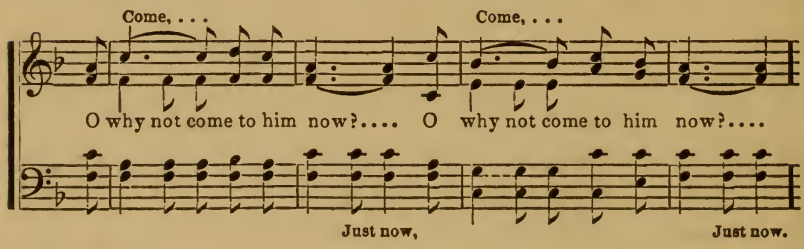
G. W. S. G. W. SEDERQUIST.

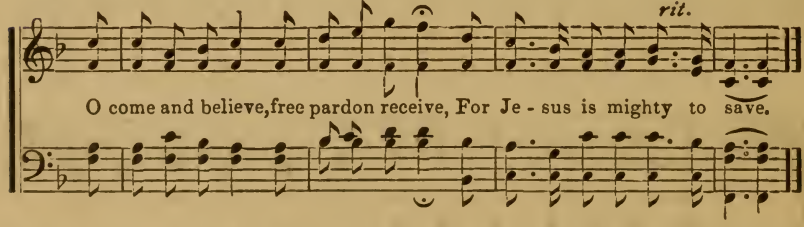
"I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save."—Isa. 63: 1.





CHORUS.





4

While mercy is calling, O come and see
That Jesus is mighty to save;
Full pardon is offered, salvation is free,
And Jesus is mighty to save.—*Cho.*

5

Come now, while we're praying, we plead
And Jesus is waiting to save. [for thee,
O haste to the refuge, to Jesus now flee,
For he will abundantly save.—*Cho.*

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170. God be With You.

J. E. Rankin, D. D. *Used by purchase of right.* W. G. Tomer.

1. God be with you till we meet a-gain, By His counsels guide, uphold you,
2. God be with you till we meet again, 'Neath His wings protecting hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet a-gain, When life's perils thick confound you.
4. God be with you till we meet a-gain, Keep love's banner floating o'er you,

With His sheep secure-ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Dai - ly manna still provide you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Put His arms un-fail-ing round you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.

CHORUS.

Till we meet, Till we meet, Till we
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, Till we
meet at Je - sus' feet, Till we meet, till we
meet at Je - sus' feet, Till we meet, Till we meet, till we
meet God be with you till we meet a - gain.
meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.

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INDEX TO HYMNS.

	No.
Abide with me	142
Abiding	91
A hundred years ago	160
A little talk with Jesus	144
A mighty league of prayer	125
Angels hovering round	130
Art thou weary	65
A shout in the camp	4
At the cross	165
At the cross I'll abide	154
Away over Jordan	26
Back to my mission home	163
Backward, turn backward	86
Bear the cross for Jesus	36
Burst ye emerald gates	3
Come, sinner, come	2
Come to Jesus just now	61
Come to the feast	139
Companionship with Jesus	28
Consolation	24
Crown Him	71
Dear Jesus, canst Thou help me	67
Diamonds in the rough	141
Don't sell my father rum	72
Entire consecration	105
For you and for me	69
Gather them in	112
Glad tidings	161
Glorious morning	121
Glory to God! hallelujah	48
Glory to His name	89
God be with you	170
God's promises	97
Hallelujah for the cross	138
Hallelujah! Jesus saves	145
Happy tidings	94
He is calling	50
He loved me	45
He rose	32
He saves the drunkard too	113
He's just the same to-day	136
Hours that are fleeting away	51
I am saved	134
I believe Jesus saves	5
I can, I will, I do believe	159
If papa were only ready	~~100~~ 159
I gave up nothing	76
I'll bear it, Lord, for Thee	100
I'll feed on husks no more	64
I'm going home to die no more	87
I'm resting at last	168
I own I'm base	79½
I've tried the world	162
I will follow Jesus	95
I will shout His praise in glory	41
I yield to Thee	33
Jesus bids you come	35
Jesus of Nazareth passeth by	108
Jesus took me by the hand	116
Keep me from sinking down	20
Keep me, Lord, low down	164
Keep off temptation ground	79
Laborers of Christ, arise	133
Lead, kindly light	55
Lead me gently home, Father	34
Let Jesus walk the waves to thee	7
Look not in the sparkling wine	119
Look not on the rosy wine	114½
Medley of choruses	98
Memories of Galilee	47
Mighty to save	169
Mount Calvary	66
Move forward	9
My beautiful home	122
My brethren I have found	6
My telegram's gone	120
My trundle bed	158
Naaman the Leper	19
Never go back again	49
Noah and the wine	140
Nothing pays but serving God	150
Now I feel the sacred fire	63
Now will I tell	151

INDEX TO HYMNS.

	No.
O happy day	22
Oh for a heart to praise my God	37½
Oh, how sweet at Jesus' feet	18
Oh! the Lamb	114
Oh! 'tis glory in my soul	37
Onward, Christian soldiers	137
O sing of His mighty love	40
Our standard	62
Overcomers	92
Please let my mother go	84
Redeemed, praise the Lord	10
Redemption	15
Religion makes me happy	128
Rescue song	88
Rescue the sinner	90
Rest for the weary	73
Rest in the Lord	81
Ring the bells	104
Royal way of the cross	13
Satisfied	167
Save, oh, save	152
Shall I be saved to-night	29
Shall we meet	102
She is coming home to-morrow	60
Since I have been redeemed	77
Sinner, see yon light	30
Sometimes	146
Sound the battle cry	44
Sowing the tares	54
Speak, Lord	101
Speak to them, Lord	153
Standing on the promises	131
Steal away	56
Step out on the promise	31
Sweet peace, the gift of God's love	75
Swing low, sweet chariot	68
Submission	96
Take the whole armour	70
Tell it again	135
Tell it to Jesus alone	123
That old, old story is true	74
The angels are looking on me	166
The backslider	156
The beautiful city of gold	58
The best of books	110
The bleeding Lamb	52
The child of a King	103
The cross	38
The first Psalm	107
The garden of the Lord	57
The gracious call	14
The King's son	111
The lily of the valley	11
The Lord will provide	39
The Master stood in His garden	143
The new "over there"	118
The new song	23
The old time religion	115
There is a fold whence none can stray	129
There is a fountain	155
There is a green hill far away	127
There is a name I love	132
There is a time	106
There's something more than gold	53
The Rock that is higher than I	59
The Shepherd of the sheep	99
The sinner and the song	93
The volunteer's song	1
The waters of Jordan may roll	124
Thou art a mighty Saviour	42
'Tis some mother's child	85
Try him for twenty-four hours	83
Trust me	126
Valley of blessing	17
Wait a little while	46
Waiting at the pool	78
Weep for the fallen	12
Welcome for me	25
We're on the way	149
We walk by faith	21
What's the news	80
What wondrous love is this	127½
When I set out for glory	157
When peace like a river	27
Where is my father to-night	147
Where the living waters flow	8
While the years are rolling on	43
Willing workers	82
Whosoever will may come	16
Why I love Jesus	117
You're saving a man	148

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